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Ninth of the Improved Work.

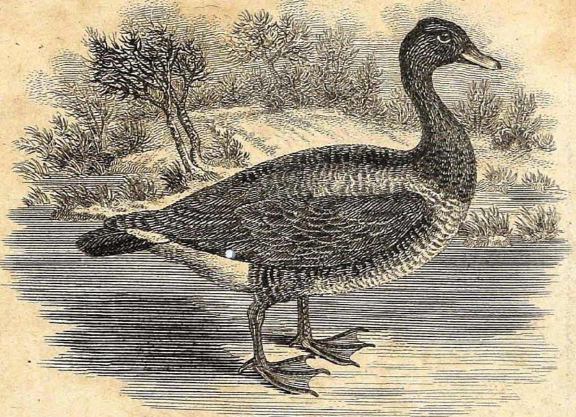
THE Sporting Magazine, OR MONTHLY CALENDAR, OF THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize, & Spirit

VOL. 29.



Wild Goose.

London.

Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.

1807.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1806.

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Embellished with, I. *A beautiful Engraving of Morland's Benevolent Sportsman.*
II. *Silver Tail.—An Engraving.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY
W. M'Dowall, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.
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AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are extremely obliged to the Gentleman who dates from Cammethau house, Lanarkshire; it is possible we might otherwise have been so far misled, as to have taken the Burlesque he mentions for a reality.

WE received both the Communications from Ivy Bridge, near Plymouth, which are duly attended to in the present Number.

SPORTING Intelligence Extraordinary cannot be inserted.—The supposed Exploits of Cockneys are all strained and overdone; and real sportsmen must know that in fact nothing of this kind exists. These follies have long since been written down—we therefore ought not to contend with shadows.

THE Verses, "The Pigeons and the Barn; or, a Trial of Skill," are inadmissible; as are also "Verses on the Loss of a Lady's Portmanteau."

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

G. Morland, Pinxt W. Nicholls, Sc.

Morning; or the Benevolent Sportsman.

Pub. Nov. 1. 1806, by [illegible], Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR OCTOBER, 1806.

MORLAND'S BENEVOLENT SPORTSMAN.

Engraved by W. Nicholls.

THE following account of the original picture is to be found in Hassel's Memoirs of the Life of George Morland, a work already spoken of in page 226 of our last volume.

MORNING, OR THE BENEVOLENT SPORTSMAN.

"HAD Morland been acquainted with the Earl of Besborough, we should have thought, when painting this picture that nobleman was in the mind's-eye of the artist.—Although, indeed, there is not any strong likeness in the principal figure, yet, taking the whole together, it made that impression on the mind of the writer.—The same kind of horse is here represented, which he rode upon; and his own plain and unaffected manners are similar to what characterized that nobleman, whilst ambling about the country adjacent to Roehampton. It is needless to add, that there is scarcely a cottager deserving of notice, for miles round his dwelling, but could bear testimony to his benevolence. There was an apparent waspishness about this nobleman to those that did not know him, that seemed to border on churlishness; the fact was, that whilst executing the benevolent dictates of his heart, he always found some pretence to quarrel with the object of his notice, with a view of stopping all ignorant or fulsome benedictions. He enjoyed the luxury of doing good by stealth; and his acts of beneficence will immortalize his name in the records of virtue.

"The Benevolent Sportsman is represented in the act of relieving a few miserable objects, and has his gamekeeper behind him. This picture has much effect, with a well chosen back ground: taken all together, it may be classed amongst Morland's best productions."

Mr. Fox's Turf Connections.

IN a subsequent part of our present publication will be found an article of some length on the same subject; they relate, however, to different facts.—Mr. Fox's first commencement upon the Turf was in the year 1772, when he was joint Confederate with the Hon. Mr. Foley, afterwards Lord Foley; and from that time until the year 1793, they had constantly a very numerous and very valuable Stud of Horses in training at Newmarket, which they matched and named in various Stakes for large sums, exclusive of betting, which was often very high, and attended with

with much success:—Mr. Fox, during the time he attended at Newmarket, was allowed to be one of the most competent judges ever known, not only in matching, but also in handicapping horses at various weights, to run the different courses at Newmarket. Since his quitting the Turf in 1793, there has not been his superior in this department of the Turf; and perhaps his equal, even at this period, it would be difficult to find:—Amongst the great number of horses, &c. which were in the possession of Messrs. Fox and Foley, we have to name the following remarkable good runners, viz. Trentham, Pyrrhus, Pumpkin, Pantaloon, Zamora, Mussulman, Firetail, Revenge, Rosemary, Spitfire, Oliver, Rodney, Ulysses, Sisyphus, Blandish, Balloon, Swallow, Grey Diomed, Maid-of-All-Work, Cormorant, Chanticleer, Hope, Shovel, Seagull, Vermin, Rattler, Scanderberg, &c. &c.

Pyrrhus raced in the years 1771, 1772, 1773, and once in 1774, which was a match against Lord Grosvenor's celebrated Mambrino, at 8st. each, cross and jostle, over the Beacon Course, for 2000gs:—This was one of the hardest races that had been run at Newmarket for many years; and the odds, at starting, were 3 and 4 to 1 in favour of Mambrino, and increased in running to 10 to 1; but, when within half a distance of the Ending-Post, the rider of Pyrrhus jockied (though not against the rules of Newmarket) the rider of Mambrino, drove him a considerable way out of the Course; by this means Pyrrhus won the heat by half a neck.

Pyrrhus was the best horse of his year in the kingdom, and won in Stakes and Matches the sum of 10,400gs; and received in Forfeits 1625gs.

During the time that Mr. Fox attended Newmarket, the Stakes and Matches were generally made for very large sums, and the betting very considerable. The Meetings were numerously attended by the first ranks of Nobility and Gentry, and also by the Sportsmen from all parts of the united kingdom.

The Pedigrees and Performances of all the above Horses, &c. will be found in Pick's Turf Register, published by A. Bartholoman, Herald Office, York.

PARIS RACES.

ON Sunday the 5th of October, about noon, the first of the horse races, instituted by the imperial decree of Fructidore, in the year 13, was run near this city.

This institution is a fresh benefit bestowed by his Majesty, who, in the establishment of these races, wished to hasten the amelioration of the French breed, and to restore to it, with promptitude, that degree of celebrity which it justly merited some years since; and also, to direct the emulation of the owners towards this object, so interesting to commerce and agriculture.

A numerous class of names had been given in to run upon the course in the Champ-de-Mars. Each of the riders was to make the circuit twice, a distance supposed to be equal to four *kilometres*, or one measured league. Four umpires, over whom M. le Prefect of the Seine presided, were appointed to regulate disputes and adjudge the prizes.

Twelve horses were presented to run; and after the usual precautions necessary to ascertain the weight of the

the jockies, and that of the saddles, &c. they were divided into two parties of six each. Two prizes were assigned to each party; the first 2400 francs, and the second 1500. The first prizes were won by two mares; the one belonging to Mr. Vanhoorick, in the street of the Capuchins, and the other to M. Franconi, a riding-master. The second prizes were won by a horse belonging to M. Simon, a horse-dealer, and one belonging to M. Carpentier, another dealer in horses.

The races brought a vast concourse of spectators together, and the best order prevailed, without the interruption of a single accident.

STOLEN HORSE.

A Curious Case.

A CASE of most considerable importance to buyers and sellers of horses, came on to be heard during the present month before Mr. Graham, at Bow-street. On the 13th of July last, a horse, the property of Mr. Graves, a medical gentleman at Putney, was stolen from his premises. On Sunday the 21st ult. as Mr. Graves was riding over Ham common, he saw his horse grazing there. He inquired who claimed the horse, and was informed it belonged to Mr. Richards, the overseer of the parish. Mr. Graves took possession of the horse, and sent to inform Mr. Richards of what he had done, that it was his property, and had been stolen from him; and in a few days after, he, with several other witnesses, made affidavits before a magistrate in the neighbourhood, that the horse was his property, and that it had been stolen from him. Mr. Graves was not satisfied with this, but obtained a summons against Mr. Richards, to appear at the office on Saturday. Mr. Richards attended the summons, and produced the regular evidence of having bought the horse at Smithfield-market, on a market day, and that it was regularly entered in the market-book, the toll paid, and a fair price given; Mr. Graham was therefore of opinion, that Mr. Richards's conduct was strictly correct, and that Mr. Graves must return him the horse; and dismissed Mr. Richards.

Mr. Graves, on further inquiry, could only trace the horse into the possession of Mr. Bligh, a livery stable keeper, in Tottenham-court-road; who stated that the horse was rode into his yard by a stranger, in a very knock'd up and dirty state, who desired a feed of corn to be given it, and he would call for the horse in the morning. The stranger did not call for the horse agreeably to promise, and he kept it above a fortnight, when he advertised it to be taken away, and he fully described the horse. No application being made, he sent it to Smithfield market to pay the expences. In the evening Mr. Graves attended before Mr. Graham, and stated this circumstance to him. The Magistrate told him all he had brought forward and proved would not avail him, as no person was in custody, or even suspected of the felony, he must either return the horse to Mr. Richards, who had purchased the horse in open market, and given a fair price, or he must return him the money he gave for the purchase of it, and all his expences, as directed by the Act of Parliament for regulating the sale, &c. of horses. It enacts that when a horse

horse is stolen, the owner, with two witnesses, are to make affidavit of the same, with a full description of the horse, which Mr. Graves had neglected to comply with.

SINGING BIRDS.

IT appears from very accurate observations, founded on numerous experiments, that the peculiar notes, or song, of the different species of birds are altogether acquired, and are no more innate than language is in man. The attempt of a nestling bird to sing may be exactly compared with the imperfect endeavour of a child to talk. The first essay seems not to possess the slightest rudiments of the future song; but, as the bird grows older and stronger, it is not difficult to perceive what it is aiming at. Whilst the scholar is thus endeavouring to form his song, when he is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again when he is not equal to what he is attempting. What the nestling is thus not thorough master of, he hurries over; lowering his tone as if he did not wish to be heard, and could not yet satisfy himself.—A common sparrow, taken from the nest when very young, and placed near a goldfinch, (though in a wild state it would only have chirped) adopted a song that was a mixture of the notes of those two. Three nestling linnets, were educated, one under a sky lark, another under a wood lark, and the third under a tit lark; and, instead of the song peculiar to their own species, they adhered entirely to that of their respective instructors. A linnet, taken from the nest when but two or three days old, and brought up in the house of Mr. Matthews, an apothecary at Kensington, from want of other sounds to imitate, almost articulated the words "pretty boy," as well as some other short sentences. Its owner said, that it had neither the note nor the call of any bird whatever. It died in the year 1772.

These, and other well-authenticated facts, seem to prove decisively, that birds have no innate notes, but that, like mankind, the language of those to whose care they are committed at their birth, will be the language they adopt in after life. It may however seem somewhat unaccountable, from these observations, why, in a wild state, they adhere so steadily to the song of their own species only, when so many others are to be heard around them. This arises from the attention paid by the nestling bird to the instructions of its own parent only, generally disregarding the notes of all the rest. Persons, however, who have an accurate ear, and have studied the notes of different birds, can very often distinguish some that have a song mixed with those of another species; but these are in general so trifling, as can scarcely be looked upon as any thing more than mere varieties of provincial dialects. W. B.

THE SWAN.

NOTHING can exceed the elegance and beauty with which the Swan rows itself along in the water, throwing itself into the proudest attitudes imaginable before the spectators; and there is not perhaps in all nature a more lively or striking image of dignity and grace. In the exhibition of its form,

form, we see no broken or harsh lines, no constrained or abrupt motions, but the roundest contour and the easiest transitions imaginable; the eye wanders over every part with pleasure, and every part takes new grace with new postures.

The Swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
Her state with oary feet.

THE WORK-HOUSE BOY.

By Moore.

MRS.—— "Pray who are the parents of this charming boy?"

Old Woman—"The Lord above he only knows. He is no relation of mine—I never saw him in my life till this here blessed day, when I received him from the overseers of the work-house, to take him to my own house in the country.—They told me he was brought there when he was only a few months old, by a poor woman who said she was not his mother: who was his mother is difficult to tell, and still more who was his real father, as your ladyship well knows, for they have never been found out; but it stands to reason that he must have had both, for I never heard of any body who had neither father nor mother, except Michael Hisendeck, of whom the parson of our parish preached last Sunday; but Michael lived in the bible days, which is different from these here times; so this boy's parents must be persons unknown; but be who they will, I suspect they were no better than they should be; in which case it is pretty clear, that this here boy, saving your ladyship's presence, is neither more nor less than an unnatural child; for if he had been born in a natural way of marriage, it stands to reason, that his parents would have owned him long ago."

Mrs. —— affected with the condition of this boy, who began life under such unfavourable auspices, said—"Are you not sorry, my dear, to leave home?"

"No," answered he, "I don't care."

"Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave?" resumed she.

"No," replied the boy, "I am not sorry to leave any body."

"What, not those who are good to you?" rejoined she.

"Nobody was ever good to *me*." said the boy.

Mrs. —— was touched with the answers of the child, which strongly painted his helpless lot, and the cruel indifference of the world.—The tear stood in her eye.

"My poor little fellow," said she, after a short pause, "was nobody ever good to you! have you no friend, my dear?"

"No, for old Robin the sootman died last week."

"Was he your friend?"

"Yes, that he was," replied the boy; "he once gave me a piece of ginger-bread."

Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos, on Popular Diversions.

WE are indebted to the elegant and patriotic pen of Lord Holland for the translation of the following passage of an Essay on Popular Diversions by the statesman whose name is prefixed: and "who is now languishing in the dungeons

dungeons of Palma; imprisoned without an accusation, and condemned without the form of a trial." This virtuous Spaniard deplores the fallen state of his countrymen; and in a most eloquent paper, displays the influence of a harsh and vigorous police on the moral energies of a nation. It is a lesson to our puritanical societies; which they ought to read, before they attempt to mortify the spirit and change the character of Englishmen:—

"The labouring class of society require diversions, but not exhibitions: the government is not called upon to divert them, but to permit them to divert themselves.—For the few days, the short moments which they can devote to recreation and entertainment, they will naturally seek, and easily find, amusements for themselves. Let them merely be unmolested, and protected in the enjoyment of them. A bright sky and fine weather, on a holiday, which will leave them at liberty to walk, run, throw the bar, to play at ball, coits, or skittles, or to junket, drink, dance, and caper on the grass, will fill all their desires, and yield them complete gratification and contentment. At so cheap a rate may a whole people, however numerous, be delighted and amused."

LONGEVITY.

THE Hon. Mrs. Watkins, of Glamorganshire, was a most remarkable instance of it; much more so than Macklin, or Lord Mansfield.

She was in her hundred and ninth year, when she undertook a journey from Glamorgan to London. The cause of it was almost as singular as the thing itself—it was to see Mrs. Siddons, and she saw her act nine times.

This distinguished old lady was happy in equal activity of mind and body.—One morning, after sitting for her portrait, and dispatching some business in the city, she mounted (though with some difficulty) to the whispering gallery at St. Paul's. A few days after, she left London, and, with her three grand-children, returned with no particular precautions, to Glamorganshire.

Charles the Second, who cultivated health with incessant care, never met with any instances of protracted life and vigour, but he was inquisitive what might be the probable efficient cause; diet and each petty habit became a question with him.—In these circumstances of Mrs. Watkins, all we discover remarkable, are regularity and moderation—"Nature is frugal, and her wants are few."—For the last thirty years potatoes had the credit of maintaining her.

Thomas Beaty, of Drumcondra, near Dublin, has nearly completed his 102d year. He walks as upright as most men in the prime of life, and has not lost a tooth. His eldest surviving son is 73 years of age, and his youngest not quite two years old. His wife is pregnant at this time. This surprising veteran was originally a weaver, but has generally worked as a gardener, in which capacity he daily attends the Dublin market. He told a gentleman, who conversed with him last week, that one of his trees, this season, had produced 1500 apples.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

LORD B—— wears his whiskers extremely large. Mr. Curran meeting him—"Pray, my Lord," said he, "when do you intend to reduce your whiskers to the *peace establishment?*" "When you, Mr. Curran," said his Lordship, "put your tongue upon the *civil list.*"

A WOMAN in the street, on seeing the Lord Mayor pass by in state, said it was extremely *curous.* A gentleman immediately desired her not to *murder* the King's English. "No, Sir," said Mr. Curran, "she only knocks an *i* out of it."

Mr. CURRAN cross-examining a tailor.—"Upon your oath, Sir, where did this conversation happen?" "In the back parlour, off my shop, my *cutting-room.*"—"What were you then about yourself?"—"Walking about." "Aye, just taking a stroll in your *cabbage-garden.*"

A CERTAIN barrister having a louse on his face in Court, Mr. Curran took notice of it to him; the other rather pettishly answered, "Surely, Curran, you joke." "Joke, Sir," cried Curran, "by G—d, if you have many such *jokes* as that in your head, I would advise you to *crack* them immediately."

THE following lines were lately written with a piece of chalk on a gate in Brighton:—

Instead of beaux and two legg'd monkies,
The fair at Brighton dote on donkies;
These things have come to such a pass,
That ev'ry lady has her ass.

A METHODIST parson observed, a few days since, in one of his discourses, that "such was the change in the public manners of this nation, that the *rising generation* rarely *lie down* till three o'clock in the morning."

A SWEET PUN.—A lady at a late entertainment, asked her guest whether he could eat *custard?* "Yes, Madam, said he, it is *curst-hard* if I cannot."

BARREAUX, a wretched poet, presented Monsieur, the Prince, with an epitaph on Moliere; the Prince thanked him, but told him—"I had much rather Moliere had brought me *yours.*"

As Lord Percy was proposed by a *brewer* and seconded by a *brewer,* we hope that his speeches in parliament will not be *frothy* nor *smell of the cask.* When he speaks in the senate of the nation, we trust that he will not be in a *ferment,* and that he will not *hop* from one subject to another, but that his orations will be pure and *entire!*

A LETTER from Limerick, of the 19th ult. says, "A few days ago a man was summoned to appear before our chief magistrate, charged with a species of fraud hitherto unknown in this part of the united kingdom, to wit, selling *his wife* for ten guineas, and then passing *another man's wife* on the purchaser instead of his own!"

COPY of a note from a publican to his distiller.—"Sir, my cellar has

has got a great *lowness of spirits;* you are the only physician on this occasion; and you may rest assured, if you *prescribe*, that you shall have your *fee* in a few days.—Your's, &c. B. W."

Goldini, speaking of the modern poets, says, "that the Italians are too *warm*, the Spaniards too *fiery*, and the French too *cool*; that to excel in that line, it would be necessary to be born in Italy, to travel in Spain, and to reside in France.

IMPROMPTU.

ON A LATE MARRIAGE.

Storace, who long had defied ev'ry care,
Save that of a husband's dire chains,
Has of late, by kind death, been of bliss made to share,
And in A-Braham's bosom now reigns.

W. R.

Curious advertisement from a Boston paper:—"Much wanted—A neat well-behaved female, to do kitchen work in a small family, in Charlestown. She may pray and sing hymns, but not over the dish-kettle; may go to meeting, but must not believe in the divinity of Elias Smith; nor belong to the whining congregation of midnight worshippers.—Inquire at the Repertory Office."

The following advice was lately left by a miser to his nephew:—"Buy your coals in summer; your furniture at auctions, about a fortnight after quarter-day; and your books at the *fall of the leaf*."

Original anecdote of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson.—The last time this great man visited Oxford, he dined one day at the house of William Julius Mickle, Esq. the celebrated poet, at Wheatley, near that university, in company with four or five other literary characters, particular acquaintances of Mr. Mickle. As the Doctor's political principles were well known to the whole company, one of them who was a strong *anti-ministerialist*, took occasion, after dinner, to introduce for a subject the politics of the day; and after arraigning and condemning *in toto* the conduct of the then ministry, he concluded with declaring it to be his private creed, that whatever *genuine patriotism* remained in the country at that day, was to be found *only* amongst the *Whigs*. The Doctor, who was rather a man of taciturnity, and all the while appeared as if half asleep, as soon as the gentleman had finished his exclamation, raised up his head, and putting on his spectacles, looked at him with some severity, and very gravely asked him, if he knew who was the first whig? The gentleman being somewhat posed at the singularity of the question, replied in the negative. "Well then, Sir," said the Doctor, "I'll tell you who he was: his name was *Lucifer*, and for *his patriotism* he was kicked out of heaven." This happy, though satirical apophthegm, conciliated the disputants, promoted general hilarity, and closed the pleasures of the evening with

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

Lord Camelford entering one evening a coffee-house in Conduit-street, which his Lordship frequented, meanly attired, as he often was, sat down to peruse the paper of the day. Soon after came in a *dashing fellow*, a *first-rate blood*, who threw himself into the opposite seat of the

the same box with Lord C. and in a most consequential tone bawled out—" Waiter, bring me a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them into the next box." He then drew to himself Lord C's candle, and set himself to read. His Lordship glanced at him a look of indignation, but exerting his optics a little more, continued to decypher his paper. The waiter soon re-appeared, and with a multitude of obsequious bows, announced his having completed the commands of the gentleman, who immediately lounged round into his box. Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph, called out in a mimic tone to that of Mr. ——, " Waiter, bring me a pair of snuffers." These were quickly brought, when his Lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the box in which Mr. ——— was, snuffed out both his candles, and leisurely returned to his seat. Boiling with rage and fury, the indignant beau roared out, " Waiter! waiter! waiter! who the devil is it that *dares* thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?" " Lord Camelford, Sir," said the waiter. " Who! Lord Camelford!" returned the former, in a tone of voice scarcely audible! horror-struck at the recollection of his own impertinence, and almost doubting whether he was still in existence. " Lord Camelford!—What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his score, and actually *stole away* without *daring* to taste his Madeira.

Joe Miller.—This celebrated name is known to have been an assumed one; but hitherto the author, who has been *the cause of so much wit in other men*, has not had his due share of renown. He was John Mottley, who also published, in 1735, a History of the Cities of London and Westminster, and wrote a Life of Peter the Great, as well as some pieces for the stage. He was the son of Colonel Mottley, killed at the battle of Turin 1705, in the service of Louis XIV.

Two old companions meeting in the street—
Player and poet, thus each other greet;
" How do'st," quoth Ranter to his rhyming friend;
" How pass your hours?—does your fortune mend?
I spend (so little rest my life affords),
Five of the four and twenty on the boards."
Quoth Stanza, " Mine's a much more piteous plight—
I often sleep upon the boards all night."

Dead drunk Old Marg'ry oft was found,
But now she's laid beneath the ground,
As door nail dead—alas the day!
Her nose was red, and moist her clay.

From morn to night, of care bereft,
She plied her glass, and wet her throttle;
Without a sigh her friends she left,
But much she griev'd to leave her bottle!

The Green Man at Brighton.—Among the visitors this season is an original, or *would-be* original, generally known by the appellation of—" The Green Man." He is dressed in green pantaloons, green waistcoat, green frock, green cravat, and though his ears, whiskers, eye-brows, and chin, are better powdered than his head, which is, however, covered with flour, his countenance, no doubt, from the reflection of his clothes, is also green.—He eats nothing but greens, fruits, and vegetables; has his apartments painted green, and furnished with green sofa, green chairs, green tables,

bles, green bed, and green curtains. His gig, his livery, his portmanteau, his gloves, and his whip, are all green. With a green silk handkerchief in his hand, and a large watch chain with green seals, fastened to the green buttons of his green waistcoat, he parades every day on the Steyne.

These singularities have produced the following verses:—

A spruce little man in a doublet of *green*,
Perambulates daily the streets and the Steyne;
Green stripe is his waistcoat, his small-clothes are *green*,
And oft round his neck a *green* 'kerchief is seen;
Green watch-string, *green* seals, and for certain I've heard,
(Though they're powder'd) *green* whiskers, and eke a *green* beard!
Green garters, *green* hose, and, deny it who can,
The *brains* too are *green*, of the little *Green Man!*

A COUNTRYMAN being told that when the Lord Mayor announced the expected return of Lord Lauderdale from Paris, they gave him three *cheers*, exclaimed—"D—n that nonsense, he could only sit upon one of them.

A HUMORIST reading an advertisement in a public paper, that a journeyman *gunpowder*-maker had ran away from his wife; observed, "It was very likely the poor man was afraid of being *blown up!*"

WELCH conjurer.—Lately died in the parish of Rhuabon, in Wales, at an advanced age, John Roberts, better kn[own] by the appellation of *Mochyn-y-Hant*, or Pig of the Brook. Mochyn was conjurer and fortune-teller to a great part of the Principality, and his fame extended far into Cheshire and Shropshire. He professed to have attained his science in Egypt, though he was scarcely ever beyond his parish bounds. He was continually resorted to for the recovery of strayed linen, poultry, hatchets, and asses; even his name served to make rogues observe the rules of honesty. When he could not mark out infallibly the offender, he still was able to afflict him with any infirmity or disease the injured party should like: agues, rheumatism, and St. Vitus's dance, were entirely at his command, and dealt out by him in the most liberal manner. In fortune-telling he no less excelled: no swain or maiden ever applied in vain; he could not only create love in the human breast, but also chill it with aversion and disdain. For these purposes he gave, or rather sold, charms, couched in dark and hieroglyphic characters, which were also in much request to insure success in any enterprise—a hat-race, or a cock-fight. Such was the Pig of the Brook. Rogues will rejoice in his death, whilst the credulous and superstitious will lament, until his place is supplied by some one equally gifted and imposing.

PROVINCIAL spelling.—The following would lose half its beauty, were we not to insert it in the exact manner it was received:—

"On witmunday Marshfield Band of musick attended to Clubs at Bath Easton in the Evening plaid in Esqr waters garden to a Tea partey returning home at a lete hour when they came to a hill cal'd dicknick betwen marshfield and Bath Easton thear was a nightinggarle singing close By the Stile the company took out their Instruments and plaid the Tune call'd the nightingarle with two French horns three Clarinets

Clarinets Triangles Drum &c he exsurted him self delightfull with the Musick for Near half an hour and sung in tune Eaqual to the pickelo and preformed his part wonderfull well the Band plaid as loud as possible but he would not Move and sung till after they had done he seem'd to be so near as a man could reach him with his hand they walk'd about a Quearter of a Mile and he foler'd them they began again and he Join'd them the second time which was delightfull to hear."

A BAKER'S dozen, thirteen in number, a few days ago, were summoned before the Lord Mayor, on a charge of making a false return of the average price of flour, namely, at 75s. per sack, instead of 70s. the real average, in order to mislead his Lordship in regulating the assize of bread for the week. The deception was discovered by comparing the return of the bakers with that of the meal-weighers; and the Lord Mayor very properly resolved to punish the attempt.— The whole *batch* looked quite *brown* upon the occasion; and, on being taxed with their deception, one or two attempted to be *floury* in pleading their excuse, though, for the most part, they seemed rather *mealy-mouthed*. Some appeared quite *soddened*, others affected to *rise* in their consequence; some appeared *flat as cakes*, others *fermented* with apprehension, like *yest*; some looked *sour* as *alum*, and others pale as *dead men*, at the discovery. But the Lord Mayor, with a laudable antipathy to all *rogues in grain*, determined to *work* these gentry, who, full of *old leaven*, no doubt expected to *sack* a round sum by the manœuvre, from the industrious poor, who are but too frequently *ground* by such exactions. They were every one fined, and obliged to "come down with their *dust*," at which they seemed confoundedly *crusty*. Convinced that this was not the way to butter their *bread*, they all *bolted* together; and resolving to try their hands at *malt*, since they were so unlucky in *meal*, they *misled off* to the next beer-house for a *soak*, determined to *wet their sponges*, and concert some mode of recovering their costs in the *rolls*-office, or the *college of corn doctors* in *Mark-lane*.

PANDÆMONIUM, or the Devil's Council Chamber, No. 1, Saint James's Street.—Thomas Tunbelly, late under Graduate in the University of Cold-Bath Fields, and *Dagger-eyed Patty*, a nymph of purity from Portsmouth Point, having been duly elected to the offices of perpetual president and high priestess of this august assembly, make known to all true admirers of diabolism, that Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, are the grand days of infernal exhibition, when noblemen, gentlemen, or *any men* who bring money abroad, and leave caution at home, are initiated into the mysteries of being robbed in a style peculiar to the Pandæmonium system.

The members of this convocation were originally descendants of the Sabian marauders, who plundered patient Job of his poultry and pigs: they now consist of apostate pick-pockets, crippled foot-pads, disabled house-breakers, unhorsed highwaymen, and fraudulent bankrupts; all expert lads at loading a die, or loading a pistol—prigging a watch, or packing a card!—cutting a purse, or cutting a throat! Added to these we have three choice boys, paragons of perjury and plunder, darling sons of perdition, and the

very

very *bon bouche* of Epicurean iniquity; kneaded into human shape from the *sweepings of hell, and the spawn of Gomorrah*—whose atrocious diary, renders the Tyburn chronicle a moral cant for methodist preachers; converts the academic lectures of Jonathan Wilde into a system of puritanical education; and establishes a religious apology for the robberies and murders of Abershaw, Haines, and Clarke, whose bones may now bleach with a degree of commiseration; nor will moralists profane the gibbets they hang on by any unhallowed comparison with the depredators we exhibit. These undaunted attributes of infamy shall bother the justices of Bow-street, and bully the judges of Hell!—White-hat Harry shall piss in the caxon of sage Rhadamanthus! Lilly-livered Billy shall swear a robbery against Minos! and cadaverous-jawed Jonathan shall throw arsenic into the broth of old Eascus! These are the bright ornaments of the Pandæmonium, and perfect models for fashionable profligacy.—They shall draw the teeth of growling Cerberus! drink ginflip with Sysiphus! throw a stinkpot into Tartarus! debauch the fiends! and laugh a trio at damnation.

The man who escapes the disciples of the Pandæmonium, with an heart unpolluted, is invulnerable to all the ills entailed on mortal since the breeching of Adam; he may, without fever, gripes, or vomit, drink *scalding lava* from the bowels of Vesuvius! make his evening posset of *scorpion's yellow sperm!* his morning beverage from *Averno's poisoned lake!* and toast his muffin in *Charon's deadly cave!*

Fresh cards of invitation will be issued weekly, differing in matter and form, as occasion may require, for it is not improbable the present troop may be drafted for the good of their country, *for limited service* to Botany Bay. Should such an accident happen, they shall be recruited from the belchings of the hulks, and the gleaning of a jail delivery.

N. B. Gentlemen of delicate feelings and tender reputations, are requested not to be alarmed at any personal exhibition at Bow-street, or in the Newspapers; for their characters cannot suffer much disgrace from the publicity of associating with omnipotent scoundrels, not to be met with at any other place.

GENTEEL money advertisement. A gentleman pledges himself to advance money so *expeditiously*, *secretly*, and *delicately*, as to evince, that the obloquy ascribed to money dealers is not applicable to every one.—Inquire, &c.

A RECRUITING office have given notice, that they want 1500 men and boys, clerks, mechanics, and labourers, to work at their different trades in the army, and to choose either foreign or domestic service.

On the sign of the Three Compasses.

To keep within compass the wise will commend,
To keep within doors is our sorrow;
To keep within jail is our journey to end,
So we'll call here again on the morrow.

AN old woman, against whom an information had been laid for the horrid crime of selling apples on Sunday, was asked by an officer in court, what was her business there? To which she replied—"An' please your honour, I am brought here by the society for *surpassing* of vice."

ANGLO-

Anglo-French Letter.——In the following letter every word is French, and yet a native of France would not be able to understand it. Our English readers, we doubt not, will not only be able to decypher it, but to enjoy the *jeu de mots*:—

"Pre, dire sistre, comme & se us, & passe the dé here if yeux canne, & chat tu mi dame, & dine here; & yeux mai go tu the faire if yeux plaise; yeux mai have fiche, mutin, porc, buter, foule, hair, fruit, pigeon, olives, salette, for ure diner, & excellent te, café, port vin, and liqueurs; & tell ure bette and poli tu comme; & Ile go tu the faire & visite the Baron. But if yeux dont comme tu us, Ile go tu ure house & se oncle, & se houe he does; for mi dame ses he beant il: but doux comme mi dire, yeux canne ly here yeux nos.—If yeux love musique yeux mai have the harpe, lutte, or viol here.—Adieu, my dire sistre."

A few evenings ago, the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury were alarmed by a loud cry of "*Fire, Thieves, Murder!*" The guardians of the night made, in consequence, a formidable muster, and entered the house from whence the noise proceeded. On their going below, they discovered a stage-struck young gentleman rehearsing the part of Scrub, in the middle of the kitchen, preparatory to a public exhibition at one of the private theatres.

On occasion of a late trial between Sir J— P—, and R— the miniature-painter, on a cross-examination by Mr. Curran, the latter confessed that he had put his arm round Mrs. D—'s waist, which brought on a blow from Sir John. "Then, Sir, I presume," said Curran to R—, "you took that *waist* for a *common.*"

A french gentleman who dined in London, in company with the celebrated author of the Rambler, wishing to show him a mark of peculiar respect, drank Dr. Johnson's health in these words:— "Your health, Mr. *Vagabond.*" Those who know nothing of French are informed, that *vagabond* in that language answers to *rambler* in ours.

Extract from an advertisement in the Cork Chronicle.—"Any person, wishing to shew his spunk, in a dashing way, with Captain Parker, of the Rainbow, formerly first lieutenant of the Speedy sloop of war, will meet with every encouragement, by application to him, at, &c.

During the Irish rebellion, the word *patriot* was said to mean *Pat-Riot.* It has now a very different meaning.

Some years ago appeared in the English papers an advertisement which much resembles our notions of an Irish bull, in these words, which are the title to the advertisement—"Every *man* his own *washer-woman*!"

In the summer of 1802, an advertisement in the following terms, was stuck upon the wall of an English coffee-house:—"This coffee-house *removed up stairs.*" A Roman emperor used to draw his stairs up after him every night into his bed-chamber: but drawing a whole house up into itself is certainly novel.

Looking at a very fine picture, an Irishman said, to express his admiration, "that's an incomparable, an inimitable picture; it is absolutely *more like than the original.*"

THE

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

A Swiftean Effusion.

Under that title, a very popular publication has lately appeared, in which Mr. Testy and a Mr. Sensitive, the principal characters, in several meetings, compare their notes of observation on the various "Miseries of Human Life." These miseries, contrasted with the real woes *that wretches feel,* must be acknowledged to be chiefly imaginary; but they are such which very few have not experienced. If the following extracts do not amuse our readers, the blame, we fear, must be attributed to our deficiency of taste in the selection; for a composition, of which the whole literary world is loud in its commendation cannot be altogether void of merit and originality.

GETTING up early in a gloomy cold morning (quite enough already, you'll say; but that's not half of it)—getting up early in a cold gloomy morning, I say, and on running down into the breakfast-room for warmth and comfort, finding chairs, tables, shovel, poker, tongs, and fender, huddled into the middle of the room—dust flying in all directions—carpet tossed backwards—floor newly washed—windows wide open—bees-wax, brush, and rubber in one corner—brooms, mops, and pails in another—and a dingy drab on her knees before an empty grate.

In lathering your face, before shaving, very early in the morning, while still half a-sleep—gaping so suddenly, as to slap the full brush into your mouth—so much for the benefit of early rising.

Having to pass the maid as she is scowering the stairs; to which I intended to add—seeing, hearing, or guessing, any thing at all of the matter, when washing and drying are going on in the house; or, what is worse still, having to duck and flap your way through lines, or rather lanes, of clammy clothes, just hung out to dry.

Grinding coals or cinders into the carpet, in turning upon your heel; then, after stooping in a frenzy to pick up the filthy fragments, and at last walking away satisfied that you have done so, crushing fresh parcels of them in other parts; and so on for an hour.

Attempting to light a candle, with its short wick so effectually crushed down and buried into the body of the tallow, that it cannot be set up; while, in stooping it to the flame of another candle, you only keep melting the grease in a stream over the table and carpet: when you have, at length, caught a precarious glimmer, it is extinguished as soon as you have crept to the door, or what is worse, to the stairs, "*nescius auræ fallacis!*" this, three or four times over. At last, to be sure, the wick attains its proper length; but, fair and softly!—this advantage is purchased at the exorbitant price of seeing the well of tallow overflow its sides, and pour down a *bumper* into the socket.

While you are confined to your bed by sickness—the humours of a *hired nurse;* who, among other attractions, likes "a drop of comfort!" leaves your door wide open—stamps about the chamber like a horse in a boat—slops you, as you lie, with scalding possets—*attacks* the fire, instead of courting it—falls into a dead sleep the moment before you want her, and then snores you down when you call to her—wakes you at the wrong hour, to take your physic, and then gives you a dose of aqua-fortis for a *composing* draught.

Having one of your double teeth drawn—by *instalments.*

In

In reading a new and interesting book, being reduced to make a paper-knife of your finger.

A coach-window glass, that will not be put up when it is down; nor down when it is up.

Treading on a beau-trap: or, as you walk forth, freshly and sprucely dressed, receiving *in full*, at a sharp turning, the filthy flirtings of a well-twirled mop.

Labouring in vain to disentangle your medicine-scales; till, after fretting, twisting, and twirling, for half the morning, to no purpose, you are at last obliged to weigh your dose, *Tartar Emetic*, or *James's Powders*, as you can, with all the strings in a Gordian knot—one scale topsy-turvy, and the other turvy-topsy.—And this, when

> " If thou tak'st more or less, be it but so much
> As makes it light or heavy, in the substance,
> Or the division, of the twentieth part
> Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale turn
> But in the estimation of a hair,
> Thou diest!"

When in the gout—receiving the ruinous salutation of a muscular friend, (a sea-captain) who, seizing your hand in the first transports of a sudden meeting, affectionately crumbles your chalky knuckles with the gripe of a grappling-iron; and then, further confirms his regard for you, by greeting your tenderest toe with the stamp of a charger.

Hearing that your lottery-ticket is drawn a blank, just as you have snugly tiled in your castles in the air.

After having been promised what you expect will be the *painted* portrait of a friend—receiving, instead of it, nothing more substantial than a *black shade, en profile:* on its entrance, I involuntarily exclaimed:

> ...... " Hence, horrible *shadow!*
> Unreal, mockery, hence."

Testy.—Yes, yes—I have gone through it more than once; though perhaps I don't take it quite so patiently as you may: for my part, whenever they send *me* their *silhouettes*, or what do they call them, I chuck them out of the window as soon as they come into the room—

> " Come like *shadows?*—so depart!"

is *my* address to the little blackamoors.

Eagerly breaking open a letter, which, from the superscription, you conclude to be from a dear and long-absent friend; and then, finding it to contain nothing but a tradesman's long bill, which, moreover, you thought had been long ago discharged—but of which immediate payment is demanded in a very violent letter, inclosing the account:—cash extremely low.

Being called in as an umpire in a matrimonial quarrel—which leaves you the choice of splitting on one of the six following rocks, viz.

1. That of remaining silent—for which both parties hate you; each supposing that you secretly favour the other.

2. That of pronouncing that both are in the wrong—for which you are, obviously, hated by both.

3. That of insinuating that both may be in the right—hated again, on both sides; each being more enraged at your *contre* than grateful for your *pour*.

4. That of defending the lady at the expence of the gentleman—still hated by both; by her for attacking her *caro sposo*, whom she will suffer no one to despise but herself; by him, for siding with the enemy.

5. That of defending the gentleman at the expence of the lady—this case is, inversely, the same as the last.

6. That

6. That of endeavouring to make peace, by treating the matter *en badinage*—for which both are far too much in earnest, as well as far too eager for victory, not to hate you most of all. The best course, perhaps, if you cannot steal away, is to be taken with a sudden and violent fit of the tooth-ach, which may last *ad libitum*.

WALKING.

In your evening walk—being closely followed, for half an hour, by a large bull-dog, (without his master) who keeps up a stifled growl, with his muzzle nuzzling about your calf, as if choosing out the fleshiest bite:—no bludgeon.

Losing your way, on foot, at night, in a storm of wind and rain; and this immediately after leaving a merry fire-side."

GAMES, &c.

At cricket—after a long and hard service of watching out, bowled out at the first ball. Likewise, cricket on very sloppy ground, so that your hard ball becomes muddy, sappy, and rotten:—a jarring bat:—a right-hand bat for a left-handed player:—a hat, *vice* stumps.

The stocking perpetually coming down as you run, and bagging below the shoe, so as to be trampled in the dirt, (all, by and by, to be snugly buttoned to your flesh) and throw you down:—no garters, except twine, which you are at last obliged to use, though it cuts to the bone.

Being obliged to take a severe licking from a boy twice as big, but not so brave, as yourself; then flogged for fighting, because you at first aimed one blow, which, however, did not reach the long-armed rascal.

Missing your eye at every stroke, *totum nec pertulit ictum*, and this when you are particularly ambitious of shewing your play.

A pack of cards, which stick so abominably in dealing, that you unavoidably throw out three or four at once, and so lose your time, your patience, and—the deal.

After having nearly completed a drawing of a head, on which you have been working very laboriously—leaving the room for a moment, and finding, on your return, that a sudden puff of wind, as you opened the door, has conveyed it into the fire, which is devouring the last corner of the paper.

LONDON.

Stopping in the street to address a person whom you know rather too well to pass him without speaking, and yet not quite well enough to have a word to say to him—*he* feeling himself in the same dilemma; so that, after each has asked and answered the question, "How do you do, Sir?" you stand silently, face to face, *apropos* to nothing, during a minute; and then part in a transport of awkwardness.

As you are hastening down the Strand on a matter of life and death, encountering, at an archway, the head of the first of twelve or fourteen horses, who, you know, must successively strain up with an over-loaded coal-waggon, before you can hope to stir an inch—unless you prefer bedeviling your white stockings and clean shoes, by scampering and crawling among and under, coaches, scavengers' carts, &c. in the middle of the street.

A bad Sunday in the City.

Walking, side by side, half over London, with a cart containing a million of iron bars, which you must out-bray, if you can, in order to

to make your companion hear a word you have farther to say on the subject you were earnestly discussing before you were joined by this internal article of commerce.

While you are peaceably reading your paper at a coffee-house—two friends, perfect strangers to you, squatting themselves down at your right and left hand, and talking across you, for an hour, over their private concerns.

HUNTERS' STAKES AT TOTNESS.

MR. EDILOR,

As an admirer and an old subscriber to your entertaining Magazine, I trust I need no apology in giving you a correct statement of the Hunters' Stakes, run for on Totness race-course, Devon, which I find wrong in your Magazine of last month; and, as the winning-horse will be for sale in the course of the next month, I am convinced you will feel the propriety of a true detail.

The horses were Captain Weir's roan horse, Ironsides, 13st. Captain Ilbert's brown horse, Phœnix, 12st. 3lb. and Mr. Kempson's chesnut gelding, Volunteer, 10st.

It is stated, that Phœnix broke down when winning in a canter, about a hundred yards from home; and the odds in his favour at starting. The truth of the business is, that the *real owner* of Phœnix made the alteration in the weights from eleven stone each, to the weights ran with; that there was very little betting, but the odds was in favour of Ironsides; that I myself bet 3 to 2 on Ironsides; and a friend of mine in the stand offered repeatedly two guineas for a bet of ten. The directions that were given to the jockey that rode Phœnix, were to push hard, expecting that Ironsides would bolt, which the jockey attempted; but he never came up to him in the race, but ran in a beaten horse, three or four lengths behind, and Ironsides not at his speed.—How Phœnix could be winning in a canter, never within two or three lengths of Ironsides, I am at a loss to learn. I am so confident of the truth of the statement I have given you, that I will run Ironsides against Phœnix, the same weights, any day the owner pleases.

I have taken the liberty of sending you a list of what Ironsides has done while in my possession, which I shall be extremely obliged if you will have the goodness to state in your Magazine. Ironsides was got by Young Pumpkin, dam by Bourdeaux.

At Totness Meeting, 1805, he won the Hunters' Stakes, carrying 11st; beating Capt. P. Burrell's bay horse, Cyclops; and Mr. Ilbert's bay mare, Amazon. He bolted when running the second day, upwards of two posts a-head of Quilldriver and Phœnix; Maid of All-Work ran to a stand still, who took him off at score. The third day, carrying 12st 3lb, he won the first heat, against six horses, who started, viz. Mr. P. Burrell's Quilldriver, 12st; Mr. Kempson's bay mare, 12st, &c.—He was drawn after the second heat, owing to the rider of one of the horses driving Ironsides out of the course.

At Bickleigh Down Races, he won the Hunters' Stakes, 12st, four horses starting.

At Exeter, he won the Maiden Plate, four horses starting.—The next day he ran against Quilldriver for the Hunters' Stakes, carrying 12st 3lb, three pounds more than Quilldriver.—This was supposed

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one of the best races that had been run over Haldon Course for many years. The two heats were run in less than sixteen minutes; the first of which was won by half a length, and the second by half a head.

The first of July, 1806, Ironsides won the Hunters' Stakes at Bickleigh, 12st, beating two others.—At Totness, carrying eleven pounds more than the second horse, Phœnix, he won the Hunters' Stakes—Ironsides 13st, Phœnix 12st 3lb.

At Exeter, he ran for the Five-guineas Stakes, twenty-nine Subscribers, against Bagatelle—this was his last performance—Bagatelle 11st 6lb, Ironsides 12st 2lb.—Won by half a length by Bagatelle.—An excellent race.

Ironsides is a short strong horse, nine years old, fourteen hands three inches high; he is allowed to be one of the best hunters in the county of Devon. He will be sold for one hundred guineas. Any gentleman in want of one of the best-bottomed horses in the kingdom, will find this horse answer his purpose. I remain,

Your humble servant,

Plymouth, Sept. 22. H. WEIR.

The Unfortunate Ventriloquist.

A YOUNG man, named Comte, a native of Geneva, and who is celebrated for his talents as a Ventriloquist, being some time ago accidentally in the neighbourhood of Friburgh, went into a village public-house to dine. After he had finished his repast, he took a fancy to display his singular powers, and pitched his voice in a stair-case which led to the cellar. The landlady was greatly alarmed, believing that a robber was concealed in the house. She called for help, and about a dozen men, armed with bludgeons, at different times went down to the cellar, vowing vengeance against the robber. They searched every corner, but to their great astonishment could find nobody. M. Comte, wishing to remove the terror which began to prevail among them, told them that he had caused the voice to resound from the cellar, and was proceeding to explain the matter to them, but the peasants interrupted him, and a stout fellow seizing him by the collar, said, "So, so, you know what it is; you shall come along then, and shew us this man who is below stairs, or we will put you to death." "Aye, kill him," exclaimed the rest, "he is a sorcerer." They immediately fell upon the poor Ventriloquist with their cudgels. He supplicated them on his knees to pause, and said he would explain every thing. Having obtained a moment's suspension of their fury, he thought that the best way to make them understand him would be to shew them that the same sounds might seem to proceed from another place; he therefore pitched his voice in a cupboard. This, however, was no sooner done, than he received a fresh shower of blows, while some of his assailants went to light some logs of wood in a field, in order to make a fire, at which they threatened to roast him for a wizard.—They would, without doubt, have put this threat in execution, had not some travellers happened to pass, who succeeded in rescuing M. Comte from his persecutors. He at last got safely to Friburgh, covered with blood and wounds, but vowing never more to exhibit his art among rustics.

HUMOROUS REMARKS ON THE NICK-NAME, JACK.

To the Rev. Mr. Banks, at Newport Pagnel.

SIR,

THE occasion of my writing to you at present is to complain of the frequent affronts put upon the worthy name of JOHN by the vile and disagreeable nick-name of JACK; an appellation most ridiculous and absurd, as I shall endeavour to shew in the sequel hereof.

And what at present the rather induces me to take more particular notice of this offence is, that I call to mind when lately walking in Newport streets of a dark evening, musing and thinking no harm, I was accosted with "Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack."—And looking up immediately, I expected the voice came from some of the airy inhabitants of your church-steeple, when lo I beheld that it was your Reverend self who thus saluted me.

Now, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that from my very first remembrance in my infancy I always entertained a particular aversion to the nick-name of Jack. Whether it was innate, or through any singular antipathy I know not; but I was more especially confirmed in this dislike by the usage I frequently received from an old wide-mouthed Presbyterian aunt of mine, who had used to JACK me about continually, so that for several days together I would never make her any answer at all when thus invoked by her.

Nay, I remember well that I carried my prejudice so far that I would never make use of the word JACK myself upon any occasion, though seemingly never so requisite; so that I would call upon the cook-maid when the meat stood still at the fire, to wind up the JOHN, and ask for the proper JOHN when I wanted to pull off my boots. When at play with my companions and a daw chanced to fly over our heads, I would say, "There flies a JOHN DAW; and if at Potton* Fair I chanced to see an ape, I informed them that I had seen a JOHN-ANAPES.

In my riper years, and upon more mature deliberation, I have observed that this word JACK is conjoined with, or applied to, many other appellations as foolish and odious as those already mentioned; to wit, JACK PUDDING, JACK ASS, JACK of all Trades, JACK on both sides, JACK at a Pinch, JACK with a Lanthorn, JACK to bowl at, JACK-a-Lent, JACKALL, JACK STRAW, JACK SPRATT, JACK-a-dandy, and JACK CATCH, *cum multis aliis quæ nunc præscribere longum est.*

I must own that nothing JACKISH with me is tolerable, unless it be a JACK or PIKE, well fed after Mr. Pomfret's manner, and an honest black leathern JACK tipped with silver, replete with good soft clear nut-brown ale, (not such as Mr. Davis drinks) but such as will make a man's heart merry in this holiday-time.

I acknowledge that it has been often urged on your behalf, and that too by men of sense and good observation, that I ought rather to take it as a favour from you to be used in such a good-natured familiar way, for that it is not every one you thus honour, but are pleased often to distinguish your respect for the worthy quality and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, (gentlemen of

* The place of his nativity.

very

very ancient families and of large estates) by the names of the JACKS, the TOMS, the DICKS, the HARRYS, the PLUMPS, and the BUTTS.—I must own the assertion to be very true; and that when some impertinent people have found fault with this freedom, I am told they have been very justly answered—" It is my way," when they, poor silly people, have in an ill-natured manner remarked, that although it might be your way, yet it was not *ad bonos mores via*.

And, dear Sir, you must excuse me, if through prejudice—as is above observed—I cannot accept of this your favour; pray for the future, as I am a man now growing in years, let me be called plain JOHN, or if you like it better JAHN, or if it must be something JACKISH, let it be JOHANNICULE, the vocative case of JOHANNICULUS, which termination being somewhat soft and like the Italian, will be more agreeable to me.

But if you will oblige me most of all, I had much rather, for very good reasons best known to myself, that you would never speak of me at all, unless you would be pleased to make mention of me in your prayers; by which if I should be any ways benefitted, I shall always gratefully acknowledge the favour.

And now I am speaking of prayers, I must observe, that I am informed the affairs of my Lord .... have lately met with ill success, at which I am not much surprised, considering that his chaplains would not be at the pains of praying for him; and it is well known that there is never a peer in the land stands in more need of being prayed for.—Perhaps it may not be too late yet, would they set about it in good earnest.

And now, that scoundrel poltroon JACK FROST has so benumbed my fingers, that I can proceed no farther than to wish you a merry Christmas—to which I hope this will contribute—and a happy new year. And to assure you, dear Sir, how much I am with the utmost respect, your most obedient humble servant to command,

Olney, Christmas, 1743. JOHN MASON.

PREMIUMS

Proposed by a fashionable Society,

FOR

THE PROMOTION OF VICE.

TO the lady who shall produce the most fashionable morning-dress, of the least weight—A silver medal.

To the lady who shall produce the most fashionable, the most transparent, and the lightest evening-dress—A gold medal.

To the lady who shall best succeed in out-staring a box-lobby lounger—A silver medal.

To the lady who can draw the greatest attention to a side box, by talking loudest in the midst of a soliloquy—A silver medal.

To the lady who, at three score years, can boast of more than threescore lovers—A silver medal.

To the lady who, after having attained her fifteenth year, can not be content with less than fifteen lovers —A gold medal.

To the lady who, with appropriate *sang froid,* can ride her donkey, *a là* Lady Godina—A gold medal.

To every gentleman who can prove that he lives at the rate of a thousand a year, without any visible means of existence—A gold medal.

To

To every gentleman who perambulates Bond-street and the Steyne *in style*, and who is no where else visible—A silver medal.

To every gentleman whose mistress is thrice his own age—A gold medal.

To every gentleman whose wife will swear he is the worst man living—A silver medal. N. B. As this class will doubtless be very numerous, the medals are to be silver pennies.

To every gentleman who has seduced more than nine women—A silver medal.

To every gentleman who has fought more than one duel—A silver medal. N. B. If a clergyman then a gold medal.

To every gentlemen who brings the most money from Newmarket—A gold medal. N. B. Not to be allowed, if obtained by any *vulgar* method, such as a common bet without any *art* in it.

Copy of an Inscription on a Plate, Urn, &c. given by the Society.

"This plate was presented to Lionel, Lord Leapfrog, as a testimony of his skill and agility in the most honourable and ancient science of *hop-skip-and-jump*, in which he excelled every competitor in the nineteenth century. His feats far surpassing what can be expressed in either ancient or modern language, were witnessed by princes, nobles, and ladies of high renown, some of whom acquired considerable riches by his exertions; since, such was the peculiar and magical spring of his leaps, that money would also leap from the pockets of one to another, though far removed from the whiff and wind of this rail-clearing wonder!"

DUEL AT BLACKHEATH.

THIS took place on Sunday morning the 21st instant, between General Baron Hompesch, who, during the Irish rebellion in 1794, commanded a regiment raised by himself on the Continent, under the Prince of Orange; and ——— Richardson, Esq. a gentleman residing near Colchester. It appears that on Friday last, about two o'clock, the cause of this unfortunate affair originated in a rencontre near Temple-bar. Mr. Richardson had a lady on each arm, when he was met by the General, who unintentionally ran against them, being very near-sighted, and as accidentally knocked off the hat of Mr. Richardson, who instantly knocked him down. On General Hompesch's regaining his legs, he requested Mr. Richardson to retire with him to an adjoining coffee-house, which being agreed to, the parties went to George's Coffee-house, in the Strand, where they exchanged cards. On Saturday, Baron Hompesch sent to George's Coffee-house, to inquire concerning the respectability of Mr. Richardson, who appeared to be known there. On being satisfied on that point, it is supposed that General Hompesch sent a challenge to Mr. Richardson, with an appointment to meet him at six o'clock the next morning, on Blackheath.

On Saturday evening, Lady Bolingbroke, sister to the General, it is understood, lodged an information at the Public Office, Bow-street, as did also some of Mr. Richardson's friends. The officers on this occasion were vigilant, and attentive to their duty. Mr. Richardson reached the ground before six o'clock, without being interrupted

interrupted.—Baron Hompesch escaped from town, notwithstanding great pains were taken to prevent him; but he and his friend did not arrive at Blackheath till a full hour after the time appointed for the meeting; the other parties were then on the point of leaving the field. The ground being measured, it was agreed to toss up for the first fire, and that Baron Hompesch should be permitted to fight in spectacles. Mr. Richardson, who fired first, wounded the General slightly in the thigh; the General fired and missed. A reconciliation was now proposed by the seconds, but could not be acceded to by Mr. Richardson, in consequence of a demand from General Hompesch to be permitted to lay a cane on his shoulders. The next case of pistols was discharged without effect; and after Mr. Richardson had discharged his third pistol, General Hompesch would have agreed to an accommodation upon his original terms, but they not being acceded to, the General fired his third pistol, the contents of which passed completely through the body of Mr. Richardson, who was taken off the field almost lifeless.

Mr. Richardson has since been conveyed to London, and is at the Parliament-street Coffee-house: he is a very young man, and has a wife and three children.

It does not appear to be ascertained whether Baron Hompesch had any second. He directed his servant to stand behind a wall that he might not witness what passed. All accounts agree that Mr. R. fired first; his shot passed between the Baron's legs. The report alarmed a gentleman who was in bed, who hastened to the spot, but was too late to prevent the fatal consequences—the Baron had returned the fire; and, as before stated, the ball entered Mr. R's hip, passed thro' his body, and out at the opposite side. Immediately on his fall, the Baron and his servant absconded. Mr. R. was conducted to the Green Man, but his extremities had previously become paralised. He there gave a short detail of the circumstances, and was, notwithstanding his perilous situation, removed by his friends to town. Four or five persons witnessed the transaction, but no one interfered. Their depositions have been taken before a Magistrate.—Mr. Richardson is 26 years of age, an elegant figure, and of manly deportment; a native of Colchester.—Although Mr. R. is not perfectly out of danger, yet appearances are such as to justify a reasonable hope of his recovery.

DUEL IN IRELAND.

AT the late Trim Assizes, William Dyas, Esq. was arraigned before the Right Hon. Lord Norberry, on a charge of having, on the 18th of June, maliciously, wilfully, feloniously, and of his malice prepense, killed and murdered Anthony Brunton Tandy, Esq. by shooting at him, and giving him one mortal wound on the right side of the head, of which he instantly died.

Mr. M'Nally opened the cause for the prosecution. The deceased, he said, was the son of Mr. John Tandy, a respectable Magistrate for the County, and a man of fortune and respectability. Lieutenant Tandy had served in the West Indies with his regiment; but from wounds he received he returned home,

home, and resided at the town of Kells. The gentleman at the bar was an inhabitant of the same town. An intimacy took place. On the 17th of June, a quarrel took place on account of some trifling difference, when the deceased, heated by passion, called the prisoner "a swindler!" to which Mr. Dyas retorted, "you lie, you rascal." At this time they were drinking punch, and immediately the tumblers which stood on the table were mutually and at the same instant thrown by each at the other. They stood up—They grappled—and were separated by the persons present. Fortunate would it have been if they had been left to decide their contest by a trial of bodily strength. Mr. M'Nally then called

Benjamin Bradford, who stated the circumstances of the duel. It took place at Hertford Bridge. Before the arrival of the parties at this place, witness saw Mr. Tandy walking, and pursued him; ran, and got over a gate into the field, and then saw the Prisoner and deceased running alongside each other—saw them get over a large planted ditch. Mr. Tandy first, Mr. Dyas after him about ten yards. Mr. Molloy, a Magistrate, who had also pursued the parties, in the hope of preventing the duel, called to the witness to take to the left of the ditch, as they might run that way, which witness did. The parties were seen running up a hill—a man came to the top of the ditch, and pointed them out behind a bush and said they were loading their pistols. Witness ran fast—he saw one of them—witness immediately called out to them, "Stop, gentlemen!" M'Garvey, another witness, shouted out to them, upon which they ran to a gap. Mr. Dyas continued at the left hand side of the deceased. They continued to run, and witness followed. When he got within eighty or ninety yards of the gap, which prevented him from seeing them, he heard a shot—the people called out to witness to run. Witness was 300 yards from the gap when he saw them go over it—witness ran to the gap, and when he got to the top he saw but one man standing, upon which he knew there was mischief done, and made a sign to that effect to Mr. Molloy by holding up his hands. Mr. Molloy called out to witness to seize the survivor—witness walked down towards Mr. Dyas, who was stooping over the body, which was lying on its belly, with the head on the left arm, a bullet having penetrated his right temple. Mr. Dyas stood to the right of the body: the feet were towards the gap. When witness came up, Mr. Dyas turned round and said, "I have shot poor Brunton!" Mr. Dyas had a hold of the deceased's right hand—Witness walked round the body to the left side—Mr. Dyas rubbed the head of the deceased, and told the witness that but one pistol went off, and pointed out "Brunton's," as he called him, and his own. Mr. Dyas's pistols were about three yards from the body—could not tell exactly where the pistol of the deceased was—Witness took up the pistol pointed out to him as belonging to the deceased—Mr. Molloy observed, "it is cocked."—"Witness said he knew it, but wished to examine the pan." Upon examination there was no priming, only three or four grains that stuck to the pan, but had not the appearance of going off. On shutting the pan, he turned the pistol up, and observed a deal of blood on it, under the guard, and immediately

immediately about the trigger, upon close examination of the pistol, he observed a small white spot in the blood which he said was brains, and threw the pistol from him in disgust. The barrel of the pistol was open from the stock—there was not any blood on the hands of the deceased, but Mr. Dyas's right hand was bloody. Mr. Molloy told Mr. Dyas he had murdered the man, who replied there was no help for it—witness was not present when the prisoner made his escape.

Several other witnesses were examined, who corroborated the testimony of Bradford.

The Jury retired about a quarter of an hour, and then returned a Verdict of "Manslaughter at large."

Lord Norberry, after charging the Jury, sentenced the prisoner to be burnt in the hand and confined six months.

PORTRAIT OF A SPORTSMAN.

EQUESTRIUS was born to an easy fortune, of which he became possessed early in life. He had from his boyhood a strong propensity to riding and hunting, and considering the racer as the most beautiful animal in the creation, he made horsemanship his sole study, and soon arrived at so great a proficiency in the art, that he might have ranked with one of the most expert grooms in the kingdom; and so much honour does he pay the profession, that to this hour he has never dressed in any other character, and so well calculated are his person and general appearance to sustain the part, that he is never taken for any thing else by strangers.

This disposition, though it did not put him to any great expence in dress, created many disbursements for hunters, racers, dogs, and grooms; not forgetting his losses on the turf, which were very considerable, in spite of all his knowledge of men and beasts. His fortune was by these means much impaired, when he met with a very amiable young lady with considerable possessions, which enabled him to continue his career in the chase, and upon the turf. Like many professed sportsmen, his horses and his dogs attracted all his attention: he considered his wife as a mere domestic animal, fit only to look after the servants and manage the household. Though he paid so little respect to his lady, who possessed almost every quality requisite to form an happy union, like some married men, he could find charms in a concubine which she did not possess, yet adulate them as if they were real.

The famous, or rather infamous Maria H——, had the art of making him a convert to the sex, though not the most amiable part of it. He was for some years her avowed captive. Whilst she rioted in extravagance and debauchery at Equestrius's expence, his lady could scarcely obtain the conveniences of life. Though Maria failed not to drain his purse as much as his horses, yet her luxury was so unbounded, that she found the way to the King's Bench, and he went in pursuit of a new mistress. Many were soon at his command, and the number of his mortgages seemed to keep pace with that of his ladies. At length he was obliged to sell his stud, desert

sert his wh—s, abandon the turf, and quit the chase; but he still preserved the appearance of a knight of the stable. He had hitherto been the dupe of his follies, and the butt of his toad-eaters; though he had not the resolution of relinquishing the former, he was compelled to give up the latter, and turn parasite for maintenance. The task was not so easy as he at first imagined, as he could talk of nothing but dogs and horses, his company was not very entertaining; and as the jockies in general were too knowing to be preyed upon, he found the circle of his *useful* acquaintance very limited. Being however introduced to Squire B—n, he found the scale of the squire's intellects nearly upon a line with his own; and as the squire could converse upon nothing but wh—s and horses, they became very fond of each other's company. They were invariably together, and Equestrius found the benefit not only of his table, but his purse, by the help of a game at cards. He was, however, obliged to make himself useful as the squire's mercury, a capacity in which he acquitted himself much to B—n's satisfaction. But the squire's marriage having rendered his good offices unnecessary, and his lady not approving of the character of Equestrius, he was again thrown upon the world, and is now in search of a new patron.

J. J. B.

JOHN TALL; THE HUNTSMAN.

MR. EDITOR,

TO every true sportsman your Magazine is a constant and never failing source of entertainment—On reading the account you have given of Robert Shaw, in August last, it brought most forcibly to my recollection a very extraordinary character, of the same description, which we have in this neighbourhood.

John Tall, aged 87 years, huntsman to the late Sir Frederic Rogers, Bart. of Blatchford, Devon, was born in the parish of Cornwood, near Blatchford, in the year 1719, and very early in life evinced a great predilection in favour of hunting; so much so, that he would constantly give his parents the slip, in order to attend about the neighbouring kennels and stables, so as to get all the information he could on his favorite subjects of horses, hounds, and hunting: or, whenever he had an opportunity, he would go out with the hounds, and follow them, on foot, throughout many a long and hard day's sport. This strong and early propensity not only recommended him to the huntsman, but also attracted the notice of his master, W. Savery, Esq. of Slade, near Blatchford, and he took him into his service, where the following extraordinary circumstance occurred, in the course of a few years, to elevate him to the appointment of huntsman; a situation, which of any other in the world, he considered as the summit of all earthly happiness.

The accident which gave rise to his promotion, was this:—In the dead hour of the night, the hounds were extremely noisy, and Mr. Savery being at that time much indisposed, the huntsman, anxious that his master should not be disturbed, rose from his bed, and incautiously went into the kennel for the purpose of quieting them, without taking his whip or any other means of defence; and either from the hounds not knowing him, or

finding him to be unarmed, and consequently that it was in their power to be revenged for the many stripes and blows he had before given them, for he was a rigid canine disciplinarian, they all commenced a most ferocious attack upon him—got him down—tore him to pieces, and literally devoured a considerable part of him, before any discovery was made of his melancholy situation. This took place about the year 1740, in the kennel belonging to Slade, then in the possession of Mr. Savery, but now the property of John Spurrel Pode, Esq. who has rebuilt the house in a modern style, preserving only the centre part of the old edifice, which consists of a spacious lofty apartment, a large gallery in it, with a gothic arched roof of old English oak, very curiously carved; and no doubt can be entertained, from the construction of it altogether, but that it was originally a place of divine worship; most probably a chapel appertaining to the mansion. It is now converted into an entrance-hall, and a very handsome one it makes; from which, as well as its singularity and antiquity, the seat is in general called Slade Hall. Mr. Pode, the present owner of it, keeps an excellent pack of harriers: indeed few gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood are so well situated for the enjoyment of all the sports of the field.

But, to return to the subject of these memoirs—He remained about twenty-five years in the service of Mr. Savery, when the death of that gentleman occasioned him to be thrown out of employment, but the very excellent character he had acquired, both as a huntsman and a faithful servant, easily recommended him to the notice of the late Sir Frederic Rogers, Bart. who appointed him his huntsman, in which situation he remained nearly forty years, when the death of his second master again deprived him of his place; for the present Sir John Rogers was then in his minority, and not having finished his studies at the university, the hounds at Blatchford were consequently discontinued, and the venerable old huntsman, with his careful and well-earned savings, amounting to a small competency, retired with a cheerful uncorrupted heart, and an unbroken constitution to enjoy the fruits of his faithful services in a small farm and a mill, which himself and his eldest son still carry on at a short distance from the seats of his late masters; where he exhibits the happy effects of a life spent in healthful exercise, cheerful service, and uniform temperance; for although now in his eighty-eighth year, yet he stands very upright, and is nearly six feet high, being scarcely bent down in the smallest degree by the heavy hand of time: his sight, his voice, and in short all his mental and corporeal faculties are but very little impaired, his complexion is as florid as that of a healthy man only forty or fifty years of age. He is capable of walking twenty or thirty miles a day with the greatest ease, as it is by no means uncommon for him to go on foot to Ivymouth, 12 miles from his residence, dine with a son he has living there, and walk back again in the evening.

His passion for hunting still holds nearly the same power over him as it ever did, for if by chance the hounds come within his hearing, he cannot resist the temptation. The farm and the mill are left to the care of his son, and you will see him following the hounds on foot,

foot, with the activity of a man only forty or fifty years old. The writer of these memoirs was present, within this month, and saw him run the whole morning after the hounds when a leash of three hares were killed, and apparently he felt no fatigue, but enjoyed the sport with as much glee as any young man then present in the field.

Here let those who lead a life of riot and dissipation, who pervert the order of nature by consuming the night in debauchery, and wasting the greater part of the day in the relaxing indolence of a bed; here let them take a lesson from a healthy old sportsman of eighty-eight, and from the happy and salutary effects of a life spent in temperance, early hours, and in the invigorating sports of the field. Then, instead of suffering under all the baneful effects of gout and rheumatism, shattered nerves, and universal debility, they may exclaim, with the subject of these memoirs, and in the language of our immortal bard:

"Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

~~[illegible] Bridge, Oct. 1. X. Y. Z.~~

BOXING.

DUCKET AND LORD.

A PUGILISTIC contest took place on the 8th instant, at Bornham Meadows, near Bramford, Buckinghamshire, between Ducket, a farmer from Berkshire, and Lord, a miner, from below Birmingham, for 100 guineas. The match was made a fortnight previous, by a gentleman who backed the miner. The combatants were about five feet ten inches in height, and well proportioned; and, though Ducket, was a known scientific man, his opponent, a noted ruffian, was the favourite.

At nine o'clock in the morning the competitors set to, in the presence of about a hundred spectators. Lord, on rushing in to make the first hit, was stopped, and knocked down by a severe blow under the right ear. Such was the violence of the blow, that it was thought the battle was ended; but the miner rose again in time, and gained strength by shifting, and making short rounds. In the fifth round he appeared to have recovered himself, and went in and exchanged many hard blows, and ultimately beat down his man. He stood to his man firmly after this, and had the best of the battle for half an hour, each being at that time hideously disfigured. Ducket fell several times, through loss of wind; and those who betted offered five to one against him. He, however, regained his wind, and about nine of the hardest rounds followed, that have ever been witnessed, the miner generally making the rally. After fighting fifty minutes, Lord had been so repeatedly hit on the right side of the head, that, although he was game to the last, he had but little chance. His opponent was a famous left-hand-hitter, and being a scientific man, he stopped the right-handed hits of Lord, and before he could come to his guard, he put one through the opening with his left. The fifty-first round finished the contest of one hour. In the last round Lord was hit in the same place as in the first, and he was obliged to be carried off the ground. Ducket was led away by his friends.

SPORTING ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

RIGHT HONOURABLE C. J. FOX.

THE older part of our readers need not be told that few men ever made a more distinguished figure on the turf, than did the late Mr. Fox, at one period of his life; but as it is now many years since he withdrew from its pleasures, the younger may probably be but imperfectly acquainted with him in the character of a sportsman. We are confident we shall afford gratification both to the one and the other by the following interesting delineation and anecdotes of Mr. Fox, in this character, extracted from an account of his life which has just made its appearance*.

"An orator from his infancy, and a sportsman by intuition, or the prevalence of fashion, it can create no surprise that we find him a blazing comet of the senate and a member of the jockey club, immediately after his emancipation from the dreary dictates of the more dreary drudgery of collegiate tyranny and scholastic subordination. In his initiation to the music of the bones, or the pleasures of the turf, eternal losses paved his way, as is the custom with all noviciates at their introduction. To depredations of the first magnitude he opposed the most unsullied honour, and sustained the injuries that were so lavishly heaped upon him with the greatest patience, as they unfolded a variety of the mysteries contained in the immense volume of human depravity. So great and diversified were the infinite resources of his genius and intellect, that, in the very zenith of his popular attraction, when surprising the senate with the utmost force and power of rhetorical fascination; and his patriotic exertions resounded through the remotest corners of the kingdom, he has been seen an invariable nocturnal devotee at the court of Comus, and been known to take in succession, the senate and the subscription house without the intervening assistance of the pillow for the renovation of either body or mind.

"Thus, possessed of such an immense store of mental energy and personal experience, it is natural to suppose that he was proof against every attack of *the family*. The reverse was, however, the case. The liberality of his mind—the openness of his heart, rendered him the unsuspecting and eternal dupe of their determined villany, in habitual subservience to which, a very considerable property became totally appropriate†.

* This work is entitled "Recollections of the Life of the late Right Honourable Charles James Fox, exhibiting a faithful narrative of the most remarkable events in his political career, and a delineation of his character as a statesman, senator, and man of fashion: comprehending numerous anecdotes of his public and private life, and an account of his Funeral at Westminster Abbey, on the 10th of October, 1806. By B. C. Walpole, Esq." Small octavo, 6s. Cundee, Ivy Lane.

† The elder brother of Mr. Fox was equally a dupe to the artifices of these black-legged gentry. On one occasion in particular he was cruelly fleeced at a receptacle for gamesters at the west end of the town. He entered with £13,000, and retired without a farthing. He was habitually somewhat

His engagements upon the turf were not the most numerous, but of the most honourable kind. His confederacy was with his intimate friend the late Lord Foley, and so strictly just and equitable were they in the most minute and trivial part of their concerns that neither envy, prejudice, nor the spirit of opposition, has ever presumed to arraign their conduct in any point of view.

"Upon the turf he was always accustomed to animadvert with jocularity upon his own losses, and repeatedly observed, "his horses had as much bottom as other people's, but they were such slow, good ones, they never went fast enough to tire themselves." He had, however, the gratification to experience some few exceptions to this imaginary rule, for in April 1772, he was so lucky at Newmarket, as to win nearly sixteen thousand pounds, the greater part of which he got by betting against the celebrated Pincher, who lost the match by only half a neck. The odds at starting were 6 to 4, and 2 to 1 on the losing horse. In the year 1790, his horse Seagull won the Oatlands' stakes at Ascot, of one hundred guineas each, (nineteen subscribers) beating the Prince of Wales's Escape, Serpent, and several of the very best horses of that year, to the great mortification of his Royal Highness, who immediately matched Magpie against him, to run four days afterwards, two miles for five hundred guineas. This match, on which immense sums were depending, was won with ease by Seagull.

"In the same year Mr. Fox and his partner had thirty horses in training, the majority of which were of no great celebrity; but the winnings of Seagull, in stakes only, amounted to no less than fifteen hundred and twenty guineas, and as sportsmen it is natural to conclude that the common field-betting must have exceeded the principal.

"The death, in July 1793, of Lord Foley, the friend in whose judgment Mr. Fox most confided, relaxed his ardour in a pursuit that seems in more respects than one, to be deprived of the former fervency of fashion. His Lordship entered upon the turf with a clear estate of £1800 a year, and £100,000 in ready money. He left it without ready money, with an encumbered estate, and with a constitution injured by the labours and care of a business unsuitable to the benevolent character of his mind.

"Mr. Fox was ever at the head of every thing in which he was engaged. He ranked with the first players, and excelled most at whist, quinze, and all the fashionable games of skill. But horse-racing was his darling amusement, until, from prudential motives, he quitted the turf and all other play. He played at other games with indifference, and would throw for a thousand guineas with as much *sang froid* as he would play at tetotum for a shilling*. But when his horse

somewhat lethargic, but that evening more so than usual, which created considerable diversion among his companions, who every now and then disturbed him by a pull of the sleeve, and—"Stephen, you owe me two thousand pounds—Stephen, you gave me but five hundred; one thousand is the money." In this manner they proceeded till he was entirely stripped.

* The Duke of Devonshire, who, much to his honour, made a point of never touching a card, went one day out of curiosity to the Thatched House.

ran, he was all eagerness and anxiety. He always placed himself where the animal was to make a push, or where the race was to be most strongly contested. From this spot he eyed the horses advancing with the most immoveable look; he breathed quicker as they accelerated their pace; and when they came opposite to him, he rode in with them at full speed, whipping, spurring, and blowing, as if he would have infused his whole soul into the courage, speed, and perseverance of his favourite racer. But when the race was over, whether he won or lost, seemed to be a matter of perfect indifference to him, and he immediately directed his conversation to the next race, whether he had a horse to run or not.

"Individuals may differ in their ideas concerning the integrity of Mr. Fox as a patriot, but of his principles as a man there is but one opinion, which, while it candidly admits his extravagance, ascribes them to an innate frankness and generosity of disposition. From this, amidst all his misfortunes, public as well as private, and of both few men in high life have experienced a greater share, he was never known to swerve.

"An anecdote, for the truth of which however it is impossible to vouch, is thus related concerning Mr. Fox and Mrs. Crewe:

"At one period of his life he was fond of ranking among her admirers. A gentleman, who had lost a considerable sum to her at play, knowing Mr. Fox's acquaintance with the lady, and being obliged to leave town suddenly, gave him the money to pay her, and begged he would apologize to the lady for his not having paid the debt of honour in person. Mr. Fox, whose necessities were always very pressing, apprehended that he might trespass a little on the good-nature of the lady, and accordingly, instead of waiting on her with the money, appropriated it to his own uses; or, in other words, actually lost every shilling of it before morning. Mrs. Crewe often met her supposed debtor in public afterwards, and was astonished that he took no notice of the sum she had won from him: at length, when a considerable space had elapsed, she hinted the matter delicately to him. "Bless me," said he, with surprise, "I paid the money to Mr. F. three months ago."——"Oh, you did Sir!" replied Mrs. Crewe, who was not more remarkable for beauty and sense than good-nature, "then probably he has paid me, and I have forgotten it; but I shall speak to him; for either his memory or mine must be very treacherous on this occasion." When he was taxed with the matter, he owned the truth, but swore he could not have taken so much liberty with any woman on earth but herself, begged she would give him a little time; but whether he ever paid her, was much doubted by many well-informed sceptics about St. James's."

"Mr. Fox was never at any pains to conceal his vices and his foibles from the public, and it cannot

House. After some time, finding himself awkward at being the only person in the apartments disengaged, he proposed a bet of fifty pounds on the odd trick to Charles Fox.—"You'll excuse me, my Lord Duke," replied Charles, "I never play for pence." "I assure you, Sir," answered his Grace, "you do, as often as I play for fifty pounds."

not

not therefore appear surprising, if he occasionally received a gentle hint on that subject. At a masquerade at the Pantheon, in March 1778, a newspaper was distributed among the company, entitled the American Gazette, published by order of Congress. One of these was put into the hands of Mr. Fox, who turned his eye first to the following paragraph of resolutions, passed by that assembly—"That no plan of reconciliation will be regarded, unless Lord Chatham is made premier; Lord Camden lord-chancellor: the Rev. John Horne lord chief justice; the Hon. Charles Fox, archbishop of Canterbury, and collector of the duties on *cards* and *dice*."

"His antipathy to the Jews was so notorious, that, on the publication of Mademoiselle d'Eon's poetical Epistle to Lord Mansfield, which, at first, appeared without any name, it was ascribed by many to Mr. Fox, on account of the severity with which the children of Israel were treated in it. His own countenance, it was at the same time observed, was so strongly Judaic, that, had a stranger been asked at his Jerusalem levee which of the chosen race present had most of the blood of Jacob in his veins, Mr. Fox would have been pointed out as the man.

"Just after the prorogation of parliament, in 1778, Mr. Fox being one morning at Almack's, after losing all his money, and a short slumber, he started up and sent for his valet:—"Egad," said he, "I shall be too late—my motion is to come on to day." Almack set him right, and told him that he need not be in such a perturbation of spirits, as the parliament was prorogued. "Well, that may be," replied Charles, "I must raise my supplies then without the *committee of ways and means*."

"On coming into office, with Lord North in 1783, Mr. Fox sold his horses, and erased his name from the books of the several clubs of which he was a member, and received the praise due to such a laudable sacrifice of his private propensities to his public duties. It was not long, however, before he again purchased horses, and in October 1783, he attended the meeting at Newmarket. The King's messenger was obliged to appear on the Course to seek one of the ministers of England among the horsemen on the turf, to deliver him dispatches, on which, perhaps, the fate of the country might have depended. The messenger was observed, as if part of the shame was his, to be seen at such a place, with the *greyhound under cover*, and all the marks of office studiously concealed.

"Previous to the meeting of parliament after Mr. Fox's dismission from office, at the conclusion of 1783, the following *jeu d'esprit* made its appearance:

"*Intelligence Extraordinary.*

"On Monday, for the entertainment of British sportsmen, a noble hunting match will take place upon St. Stephen's common, in consequence of a remarkably fine *Fox* having been lately *turned out* of the King's park. The attention of the public has been uncommonly attracted upon this occasion; and the odds are six to four that reynard will not be run down.

"Though the hunters are well mounted, many experienced jockies are of opinion, that they will not be able to keep their *seats*, and others think that the puppies of the

pack are not sufficiently staunch or entirely at command. It is whispered also, that what the enemies of reynard cannot accomplish by a fair chase, they mean to effect by way of fraud, a very capacious PIT being in his way; though it is generally imagined that instead of falling into it, the animal, from his known sagacity, will either run round, or leap over it; and that upon the whole, instead of a *Fox-hunt*, it is not improbable the day's sport will end in a *wild-goose chase!*"

"Mr. Fox still continued to retain his predilection for the turf. At the Newmarket meeting in April 1788, he and the Duke of Bedford were the principal winners; they both betted on the same side, and shared eight thousand guineas. In the course of these races, Mr. Fox and Lord Barrymore had a match, when the horses came in so equally that the judges not being able to determine the winner, the bets were withdrawn.

"On one of the days of the same meeting, probably in the early part of it, Mr. Fox, being on the ground, missed his pocket-book containing notes to the amount of several thousands of pounds, on which he gave the alarm, and a suspicious character being observed riding off at full speed, Mr. Wyndham and Sir T. Stepney galloped after him, and brought him back. Before they proceeded to search him, Mr. Weatherby rode up with the book, which he found lying on the table of the coffee-room. Mr. Fox gave the man five guineas, and was highly pleased at recovering the book, observing jocosely that it prevented his *levanting*, (running away) which he must have done, having laid several bets that had proved to be on the wrong side.

"For several succeeding years Mr. Fox was a considerable gainer on the turf. At the spring meeting at Newmarket 1789, he is said to have won not less than fifty thousand pounds; and at the October meeting, at the same place, the following year, he sold two of his horses, Seagull and Chanticleer, for four thousand four hundred guineas."

These extracts evince that the work from which they are taken is something more than a mere dry detail of political events. The happy manner in which these are blended with lighter subjects, and the interesting anecdotes with which the book abounds, render it equally calculated to afford information to the statesman and politician, and amusement to the lounger and the man of pleasure.

SINGLE-STICK PLAYING.

A Match at single-stick was played at Salisbury, on Wednesday September 24, for a prize of twenty guineas and a gold-laced hat. Great expectations had been excited on this match, but these were almost wholly disappointed. The champions of this county were met by a few only from Somerset, and those few appeared to be jaded, and wholly out of condition for active play; the consequence was, they were easily defeated by the Wiltshire men, without gaining a single head, in the following succession:—James Tutton and William Higgins, by David Hamilton; William Redman and James Bunn, by James Lyne; Isaac Bunn and James Talbot, by John Blackford; George Ceasly, by Robert Humphries. No other player came forward against Humphries.——Two other Wiltshire men, Ellis and Jefferies, then mounted the stage, but

no

no one would meet them. The six Wiltshire men were consequently declared victors; and as there was an implied understanding that the players were not to play against men of their own county, there was no trial of skill with the ties, between whom the best play was of course to be expected, and thus the intention of the subscribers was wholly frustrated; but this will doubtless be guarded against in any future subscription.

There were afterwards some bye-matches, which produced good play, particularly between Robert Lyne, a Wiltshire lad of 18, and Butt, a Hampshire man, who had so many bouts without either gaining the advantage, that the prize, a small subscription by the gentlemen present, was at last given by a toss-up.

A prize of ten guineas, and several small prizes, were played for on Thursday, but none of these were very closely contested.

ALLONBY PISCATORIAL MEETING.

A NUMEROUS meeting of the Gentlemen and Fishermen of Allonby, and its neighbourhood, was held at the Ship Inn, of that place, on Monday the 6th instant, when a very liberal subscription was made and proper resolutions entered into, for the purpose of encouraging the herring fishery, &c.

It was proposed and unanimously resolved, that premiums should be given to such fishermen as should, before the next annual meeting, take along that coast the greatest number of herrings, and also then produce the largest and best grown rock cod, herring, flat fish, and shrimp. The entertainment prepared on the occasion, by Mr. Coulthard, was the most sumptuous ever known at Allonby; the wines were of the most choice kinds; many loyal toasts were drank, and the day was spent in the greatest conviviality. The company were much gratified with the great variety of fish which had been procured for the table. The Stewards and Managers were presented with a gold medal, value 20 guineas, with this motto, "*Messis ab alto.*"

Early the next morning the gentlemen assembled to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. The hounds cast off at Mutton-dale Hall; and after a most excellent day's sport, the company again met at the Ship Inn, were entertained in the same agreeable manner as on the preceding day, and then separated, anticipating the pleasures of the next meeting.

CRIM. CON. AND FALSE IMPRISONMENT.

Marlborough Street Office, Oct. 13.

MR. Noaks, a non-commissioned officer of the Royal Artillery, charged a Mr. Mosgrove, a tradesman in St. James's, with debauching his wife, and also with an assault and false imprisonment.

It appeared that the wife of the complainant had apartments at the house of a Mr. Sutton, in the neighbourhood of Whitcomb-street, and the husband having heard a something, not altogether congenial to his feelings, he repaired to town, and found the defendant seated in the apartment of his wife. This situation was such as warranted a suspicion; and after considerable altercation had taken place, the husband succeeded in getting away his *frail* rib from the house. The defendant followed them along the street,

street, insisting that the wife should not go to Woolwich with her husband; and, on meeting two soldiers, he charged the husband with being a deserter, and he was instantly dragged away to confinement, in which situation he was kept nearly two days, when an officer from his regiment released him.

The defendant by this stratagem again got possession of his *prize*, and he conducted her again to her apartments, where the husband, on being released, found her locked in the arms of her *caro sposo*. The lady refused to go with him a second time, she having formed an attachment for another, and the husband was thus bereft of his frail fair one.

The lady, in the office, gave vent to a flood of tears, when the magistrate ordered the defendant to find bail for his conduct. The landlord of the house was also held to bail for an assault on the husband, when he went a second time to demand his wife, for the discovery of whom he had advertised.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

THE construction of the bridge at Chepstow in Monmouthshire is extremely curious; as the planks that form the floor rise with the tide, which at certain times, is said to attain the height of seventy feet.

This floor of the bridge, about twenty-four years since, it was found necessary to remove, which was accordingly done, and only one or two of the planks remained for the convenience of foot passengers. This way was well lighted, and a man placed at the end to warn those that approached of their danger. But it so happened, that one dreadful stormy night the lamps blew out, and the monitor supposing that no one would in such a hurricane attempt to pass, wisely retired to shelter.

After midnight a traveller knocked at the door of an inn at Chepstow.

"Who is there?" said the landlord, who had long retired to rest, and was now called out of bed.

The traveller mentioned his name, which was well known.

"How the devil did you come?" said the landlord.

"How did I come? Why over the bridge to be sure!"

"What! on horseback?"

"Yes."

"No!" said the landlord, "that is impossible! however as you are here I'll let you in."

The host, when the traveller repeated his assertion, was staggered. He was certain that he must have come over the bridge, because there was no other way; but also knowing the state in which the passage was, he could only attribute the escape of the traveller to witchcraft. He however said nothing to him that night; but the next morning took him to the bridge, and showed him the plank that his horse must have passed over, at the same time that he pointed to the raging torrent beneath.

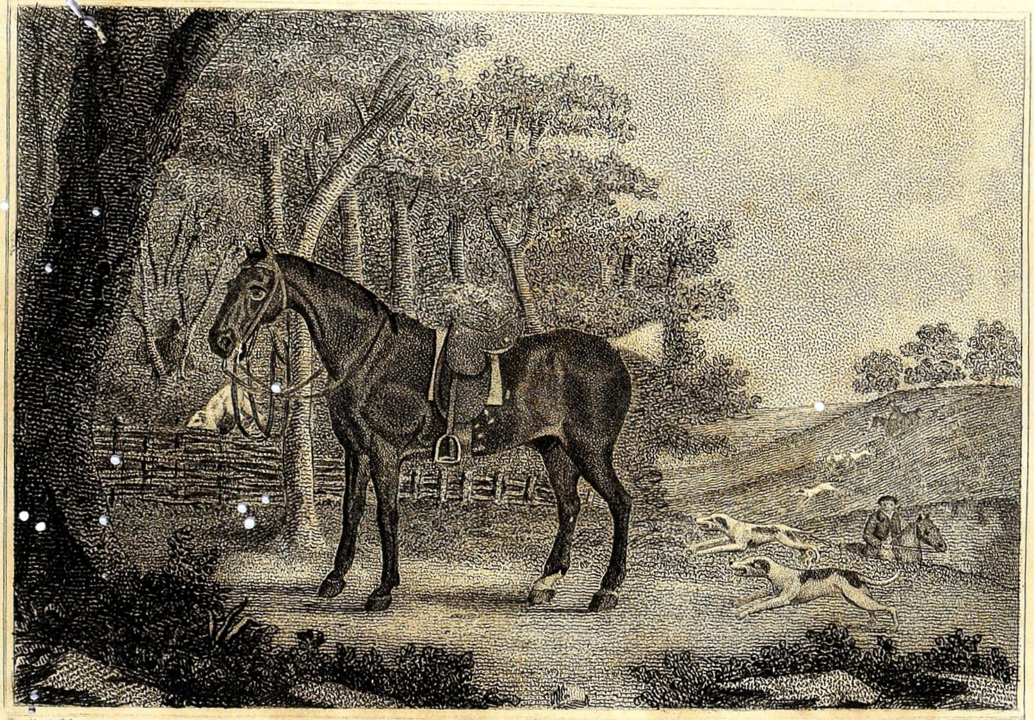
Struck with this circumstance, the traveller, it is said, was seized with an illness from which he did not speedily recover.

SILVER TAIL.

An Engraving.

WE are promised some account of this horse for our next month's Magazine.

SPORTING



Brettont, del. Page, Sc.

Silver Tail late the property of Mr. Burks.

Pub. Sep. 1, 1806, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Observations on the various Races run at the last Doncaster Meeting.

MONDAY, September 22.—For the Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, Cleveland took the lead and kept it for near a mile and a half; Milo waited for that distance; he then gained his ground, took the lead, and won easy. Miss Hornpipe Teazle and Snap were beat several lengths.

Two-year Olds' Stakes.—Sir T. Gascoigne's filly, by Timothy, took the lead; but when they had about two distances to run, the Sister to Sir Paul came up; some excellent running then took place, and the race was well contested to the Ending-Post, and won with some difficulty.

Match for 200gs.—Sir Paul took the lead of Drum-Major, was never headed, and won easy.

King's Plate.—Sir Paul took the lead, made his own play, was never headed, and won easy.—Milo beat Sir Andrew about a length and a half.—Milo appeared to be lame.

Match for 50gs.—Ragged-and-Tough took the lead, and kept it for about three miles and three quarters; when Cock-a-Hoop came up, passed, and won easy.

TUESDAY.—St. Leger Stakes.—They all went off at very little better than a canter rate, and were all nearly together at the Distance-Post, except Mr. Harrison's Trumpator colt, who was beat about a distance; after which some smart running took place; but Mr. Clifton's Fyldener appeared to win easy at the end by a clear length.—On the whole it was a very indifferent race, and they were a long while in running it.

The Corporation Plate.—The first heat was smartly contested between Off-she-goes and Josephina, and won with the greatest difficulty by the former.—The second and third heats were won by Flighty from Young Chariot tolerably easy.

WEDNESDAY.—The Doncaster Stakes.—Vesta went off at score in her usual style; but when she had run and kept the lead for about a mile and three quarters, Streatlam-Lass ran up to her and made severe running, and at the time they passed the Distance-Post, the first time round, it was a most beautiful race between Vesta and Streatlam-Lass, they then running head and head; but when they were within a few lengths of the Judge's Stand (two miles) Streatlam-Lass headed Vesta against her will about a length, and kept the lead for the third mile; in running of which, and for near one-half of the fourth mile, Trafalgar ran about a length behind Vesta; he was hard held, and from his long stride kept his ground, and won at his own rate with great ease.—Vesta beat Streatlam-Lass about a length; and Lord Strathmore's colt made very indifferent running, and was beat about a distance, which plainly proves that there was bad running for the St. Leger Stakes

on.

on Tuesday. It was reported that Vesta was lame in running, but no such thing; the truth is, that she was far from being in that high condition as she was in the last York August Meeting.

The Gold Cup.—Luck's-All and Mr. Peirse's filly, by Beningbrough, appeared to run away with the boys who rode them, and at the end of the first mile and a half were several lengths before the others; but it was a severe and true-run race between Sir Paul, Trafalgar, and Mr. Garforth's grey colt, by Hambletonian, and won with much difficulty by the latter, who was rode by John Granger, a boy in Mr. Garforth's stables, a very promising rider, and not by John Tate, as before stated. The winner was severely flogged and spurred, and ran as true as the best aged horse that ever started. When Sir Paul's rider found him beat, he pulled, and gave up the contest; Warrior made but little running, had no chance to win, nor could he run with his antagonists in any part of the race, and was beat very easy, as were also the other four.

Thursday.—The Filly Stakes. Lord Strathmore's brown filly, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Heroine, took the lead, and was never headed; it was notwithstanding a good race between her and Pipylina at the end.

Hunters' Stakes.——Stop-Thief made play until the last distance, when Prince Bangradion came up, passed his antagonist, and won by three parts of a length.—Sportsmistress was beat two lengths and a half.

The £100 Plate.—For the first heat, Mr Peirse's bay filly, by Beningbrough, took the lead for rather better than half a mile; after which, Fyldener took the lead, and continued it until near the end; but after some excellent running the heat was won by Mr. Peirse's filly by about a neck. For the second heat Fyldener took the lead, made good play, and continued leading until the last distance, when Mr. Garforth's grey colt, by Hambletonian, came up and took the lead; Fyldener then pulled, and Hipswell-Lass passed him, and ran second in; but the grey colt won the heat easy.—For the third heat, Fyldener again took the lead, and continued it for rather more than a mile and a half, when Mr. Garforth's colt and Mr. Peirse's filly came up and passed Fyldener, and after some pretty smart running, the heat was won by the grey colt by half a length. He was rode by John Tate.

For the Match.—Baronet took the lead, was never headed, and won easy.—He was rode by J. Jackson.

It is allowed by judges, that Mr. Garforth's grey colt, by Hambletonian, is the best bottomed three years old lately tried; and by his running at Doncaster proved himself the best racer at that Meeting. It is said, that Mr. Garforth refused 1500gs for him.

Lately, Mr. Mellish purchased Mr. C. Wilson's bay colt, Smuggler, by Hambletonian, out of Maria, (Surprise's dam) by Highflyer. At Newmarket on Monday, Sept. 29, Smuggler won a Sweepstakes of 100gs each, nine Subscribers, beating easy Paris, Tudor, and Podargus. He is at present engaged at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1807, Smuggler, 8st. 1lb. against Mr. F. Neale's Regulator, 8st. 7lb. Ditch-in, 100gs, h. ft.—Also in the York August Meeting, 1807, in a Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. eleven Subscribers, 8st. 4lb. each, three miles; in which is also named

Delville,

Delville, Fyldener, Paris, Well-enough, Smasher, Taurus, &c.

At Pontefract Meeting, Mr. Mellish purchased Mr. Dent's bay colt, by a Brother to Eagle, out of Lavinia, by King Fergus.—He has since been called Young Eagle.

At Doncaster Meeting, Mr. Watt purchased Nostell, by Delpini, of Mr. R. Wardell; and Mr. Phillips sold Miss Cheesecake, by Ormond, out of St. Anne, by Delpini, to Mr. Kirby, who shipped her at Hull on the 4th instant, with Sir Bertrand, the Brother to Strap, the Brother to Imma, all by Beningbrough, and a great many others, for Russia.

At Newmarket First October Meeting, Mr. C. Wilson purchased Trafalgar, by Gohanna, of Mr. Mellish, for a large sum. Mr. Mellish also sold Hedley, by Gohanna, out of Catherine, sister to Colibri, to Mr. Howorth, for a large sum; and Mr. Shakespear sold Currycomb to Mr. Blachford.

The Hon. M. Hawke has purchased of Mr. Batty, near Easingwold, Yorkshire, the famous hunting mare, called Hambleton-Lass, by Screveton.

The following Match is made to be run on Wednesday in the next Malton Coursing Meeting:—The Hon. Martin Hawke's br. gelding, Prince Bangradion, 10st. 7lb. agst Mr. Treacher's br. gelding, Canterbury, 11st. two miles, 200gs each, p. p.

The following Match is made to be run on the last day of Pontefract Races, 1807:—Mr. Duncombe's b. c. by Expectation, out of a Dragon Mare, 8st. 3lb. agst Mr. E. L. Hodgson's b. f. by Patriot, out of Miss Muston, 8st. two miles, 100gs each, h. ft.—And on the first day of the Races, 1809, Lord Pollington's c. by Stamford, out of Jemima, 8st. 6lb. against Mr. E. L. Hodgson's f. by Hambletonian out of Eustatia, 8st. two miles, 100gs each, h. ft.—And on the last day, Mr. E. L. Hodgson's f. by Hambletonian, out of Eustatia, against Mr. T. Duncombe's, f. by Chance, out of a sister to Maid of All-Work, 8st. each, two miles, 100gs, h. ft.

The following Match is to be run at Doncaster on Monday in the Race-Week, 1807:—Lord Darlington's Trafalgar, agst Mr. Mellish's Staveley, 8st. 3lb. each, four miles, 500gs, h. ft.

At the last Doncaster Meeting, two additional Stakes were made to be run for in 1807, viz.—On Tuesday—The Prince's Stakes of 25gs each, for four years old colts 8st. 7lb. fillies 8st. 4lb. (the winner of the Produce Stakes, or the Subscription Purse on Friday, at York, to carry 7lb. extra) four miles:—To close on the first day of January next, and to be named on the Saturday before running.——The present Subscribers are, His R. H. the Prince of Wales, His R. H. the D. of Clarence, the Duke of Leeds, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Darlington, Lord Dundas, Lord Milton, Sir M. M. Sykes, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Brandling, Mr. Clifton, Mr. Mellish, Mr. Clowes, Mr. S. Duncombe, Mr. Burton, and Mr. Stapleton.——And the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for two-yr olds and upwards; to run the last mile and half. To close on Thursday before running, and the horses, &c. to be named on the Saturday following; to be the first race in the Meeting; and the horses, &c. to be rode by boys. The present Subscribers are, His R. H. the P. of

of Wales, the Duke of Leeds, Lord Darlington, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Milton, Sir M. M. Sykes, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Mellish, and Mr. Clowes.

The Doncaster St. Leger Stakes, (on the usual conditions) will be run for next year on Monday.—The present Subscribers are, His R. H. the Prince of Wales, His R. H. the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Leeds, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Darlington, Lord Dundas, Lord Milton, Sir George Armytage, Sir M. M. Sykes, Mr. Clifton, Mr. Hewett, Mr. Clowes, Mr. S. Duncombe, Mr. W. Championet, Mr Burton, and Mr. Mellish, who has two Subscriptions.—There is also a Stakes for two-year olds; a filly Stakes for three-yr olds; a North Welter Stakes; and a Hunters' Stakes;——besides the Doncaster Stakes, a Produce Match, and the Plates as usual.

At Black Hambleton, on Wednesday, Oct. 15, Mr. Smith's grey poney, by Weathercock, beat Mr. Walker's grey horse, by Ruler, out of Silverheel's dam, 9st each, four miles. Mr. Smith staked 50gs to 40gs.—Won cleverly.

The Duke of Montrose, Lord Viscount Primrose, Thomas Graham, Esq. of Airth, and James Stirling, Esq. of Keir, are appointed Stewards for the Races at Stirling next year.

The dispute respecting the weight carried by Mr. Butterfield's Richmond-Lass, (late Gratitude) for the King's Plate at Lincoln, is settled by the Stewards in her favour.—The decision respecting the bets for the Welter Stakes at Bibury, is not settled.

On Monday, September 22—The annual Cup, at Redcar, was won by Mr. Theakstone's chesnut horse, Now-or-Never, by Walnut—5 and 6 to 4 on Now-or-Never. There was much company, especially the lads and lassies from out of the dales.

The descendants of Hambletonian are at length proving themselves worthy of so exalted a sire. There is no doubt of his now becoming one of the most approved stallions.

Mr. Mellish's favourite Sancho who broke down when running against Pavilion at Lewes, on the 24th of July last, we are sorry to state, again broke down when running against Orville, at Newmarket, on Monday, the 13th instant; and it is thought he will not be got sound to race any more.

Hugo Meynell.——This accomplished fox-hunter, who not only governed a pack of fox-hounds in the best style, but what was much more difficult—a pack of *unruly* young men of *high* blood and *saucy* pretensions, for many years, is now in a very infirm state of health. What successor with his abilities is ever likely to present himself for the Leicestershire Hunt? He must have affable manners, continued good humour, and a commanding superiority of judgment.

The Dukes of York and Cambridge have been on a shooting party at Lord Rendlesham's estate, near Ipswich.—On the first of October the following game was shot, viz. by the Duke of York, eighteen brace of pheasants; the Duke of Cambridge, seventeen ditto; Ld Paget, twenty-five brace of partridges; Lord Rendlesham, ten brace of pheasants. Ten brace of each were sent as a present to His Majesty, at the request of the Duke of York.

Partridges were never known to have been more plentiful in the counties of Warwick and Northampton, than at the commencement of the present season. Mr. J. Shaddick, the celebrated sportsman, who has left the county of Devon, has been sporting near Aynhoe, Drayton, and Alcester, and has committed an incredible havock. The peasantry, to whom he has bestowed the produce of every day's spoil, have been highly gratified with the presence of their sporting host.—Mr. S. and a distinguished party of young noblemen, in sailors' habits, have been at sea for the last week, and have now returned for a sporting excursion to Beverley, in Yorkshire. This liberal, unassuming, and accomplished gentleman, upon his return to London, will have visited every city, borough, and market-town, and their adjoining villages, throughout Great Britain.

Anecdote.—Many years ago, Mr. Fox being at Newmarket was very hard run for about £1,800.—He had tried various ways to raise the money, but without success; his friend O'Bryen at last made application to Mr. Charles Carpenter; he had it not, but readily consented to join Mr. Fox in the security, to which Mr. C. added a freehold estate. The money was immediately procured, and to the honour of Mr. Fox, he never suffered Mr. C. to be the least inconvenienced by the transaction.—It is scarcely necessary to add, when a certain subscription took place this debt was discharged, and Mr. Adam handed over to C. his deeds, with Mr. Fox's thankful acknowledgments.

A foot-race against time, twenty miles in two hours and a quarter, was lately run on the Brighton Course by the celebrated pedestrian Wood. He performed his task with great facility in two hours, five minutes, and a few seconds. The odds at starting were greatly against him; but after running the first ten miles in an hour and one minute, they turned in his favour. The money staked was 100 guineas to 60 guineas. A few days after, the above unparalleled pedestrian undertook, for a wager of 40 guineas, to run a quarter of a mile in a minute, and performed it with apparent ease, about a second within the time.

A person from Horsham, of no celebrity as a runner, beat the famous Brighton shepherd, on the race-ground, on Tuesday, the 14th instant. They ran the distance of 100 yards. Great odds were betted in favour of the Brighton shepherd; and the knowing ones were deeply taken in, their favourite losing by about half a yard. The winner is now matched to start against the famous boot-closer, on the Prince's cricketing ground, on the 10th of next month. The odds are at present, three to two in his favour.

On Saturday, the 11th instant, a man of the name of Fielding, in the 70th year of his age, undertook, for a wager of five guineas, to go on foot from London Bridge to Welling in Kent, and back, in four hours. He started at twelve o'clock at noon, reached Welling at forty minutes after one, where he stopped ten minutes to refresh, and returned back to the place from whence he started, which he completed in ten minutes less than the time allowed, the distance being twenty-two miles. A great many bets were depending upon the issue.

A wager has been laid in Dublin, by Mr. Battersby with Mr. Gore,

Gore, for the sum of 150 guineas, that Collier, the pedestrian, who accomplished some time since, a remarkable journey from Athlone to Dublin, shall run on the Curragh next April, 100 English miles in nineteen successive hours.

The running-match, which has been spoken of a length of time, between Messrs. Salter and Beaumont, took place on Saturday morning, on Hampton Common. The competitors were to run three measured miles on turf, and the above spot was fixed by one of the umpires, who caused flag-posts to be fixed as a boundary. Salter was the favourite, and led his opponent for the first mile, at which distance he was twenty-five yards a-head; he slackened his pace, and Beaumont came up with him; they kept together at an easy pace until within half a mile of the runnig-post, when Beaumont made play, and to all appearance had the best of the match; but when within three hundred yards of the decisive spot, Salter passed his adversary with ease, and arrived thither twenty yards a-head.—The match was for 100 guineas.

Pedestrian wager.—In a respectable company at Leeds, a few days ago, the conversation turned on this subject, and a wager was offered by one gentleman, that he would run one hundred yards, while another of the party ran fifty with a person on his shoulders weighing fourteen stone six pounds. The race afforded some sport, but was won by him who had the shorter distance, the other having sixteen yards to run when the winner reached the goal.

On Saturday the 18th instant, a man about fifty years of age, for a wager of a guinea drew a town cart with five sacks of flour in it, from Beech-street, Barbican, to St. Martin's-le-Grand. The flour, without the cart, weighed 12 cwt. The distance is half a mile, and the feat was considered as an astonishing effort of human exertion.

On Tuesday September 23, a poney was engaged to trot fourteen miles within the hour, for 30 guineas, staked by Mr. Harding, the owner, with some amateurs of the sport; also thirteen miles within the second hour, for the same sum. On the Friday following the match took place, from Hounslow to the 24th mile stone at Two-mile-Brook, near Maidenhead, which distance the poney performed in 56 minutes. After being well rubbed down, he started again to perform the thirteen miles, which he accomplished in 58 minutes. After which Mr. Harding refused 30 guineas for the poney: it is not above thirteen hands high, and has run daily in a baker's cart.

A trotting match, on which bets to a very considerable amount were pending, took place the 24th instant, from the 11th to the 13th mile stone on the Bath road, between a bay gelding the property of a Mr. Neville, and a galloway, the property of a stable-keeper in Oxford-street. It being known that the gelding could trot a mile within three minutes and a half, six to four was ventured against the galloway. The gelding had the best at starting, and made play for nearly a mile, followed closely by the galloway, when he broke into a canter, and was, agreeable to the articles, obliged to pull up and turn round. The galloway had now a a fair opportunity of winning the race, and the rider took the advantage of it, by pushing him with all possible

possible speed, and he won by fifty yards. The two mile were performed in seven minutes and a quarter.

THE report of a pugilistic contest between Gulley and the Game Chicken is again revived, and it is said the match is on the point of being made for a considerable sum. The Game Chicken keeps a public house in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and is said to be in good condition. Another contest is also spoken of, between Young Belcher and Dutch Sam.

SEVERAL amateurs of the pugilistic art arrived in town for the purpose of taking leave of their *dear* companion Burke, who set out *on his travels* to Botany Bay on Monday the 20th instant.

USEFUL hint to qualified and unqualified sportsmen.—By a late determination no person, except qualified in his own right, or a menial servant and taxed as such, shall be protected from any pains or penalties, by being in company with a qualified person, while coursing or beating for game.

A MATCH of Pigeon Shooting took place at Woodford Grove, near Seven-Oaks, on Monday the 13th instant, for a silver subscription cup amongst the candidates; and the dexterity exhibited on this occasion was such as not frequently to be heard of. Four gentlemen shot at 21 birds each, and two of them killed 18, one 17, and the other 15. Messrs. Barnet and Healing, who were the victors, had to shoot off the ties; the former had missed his 1st, 3d, and 6th bird, and the 15 following he killed.—Mr. H. missed his 2d, 4th, and 10th bird. The competitors then shot at eight birds each more, before the cup was won. Mr. Barnet missed his 8th bird, and lost the match, after having killed 22 times successively. The winner killed nineteen birds without an intervening miss.

BULL baiting.—The Bachelors of Windsor having raised, by subscription, a sum of money to purchase a game bull, for the purpose of being baited for the exercising their right to a piece of ground of a very ancient grant from the Crown to the Bachelors of the town of Windsor, for their amusements, and the spot of ground has ever since been called Bachelors' Acre; the Bachelors fixed on Monday morning the 20th for the bull to be baited. The owner of the best dog was to be rewarded with a guinea, and the second best with half-a-guinea. The Bachelors in consequence baited their bull on the above day. The bull, however, proved so very game, that no dog could pin him.

ON Saturday the 11th instant, a curious exhibition took place on the Thames: a young man, a carpenter, who undertook for a small wager to row in a *washing tub* from Milbank to London Bridge, seated himself in the tub, and had a scull in each hand, with which he balanced himself, and rowed down the river, in the presence of several thousand spectators. As he passed through the different bridges, the tub was twirled round by the current, whilst he sang some favourite song. The spectators often started with the dread of seeing him drowned, while he sat unconcerned; and, although the tide was very rapid, and on its ebb, he effected his purpose in safety, and won his wager.

A VERY curious deer was sent in the ship that brought the dispatches

patches from Buenos Ayres, as a present to Earl Fitzwilliam. The noble Earl gave directions, upon its arrival, to be conveyed to his seat at Milton, near Peterborough; and, whilst it was conveying thither in a covered cart, it forced its way through the strong canvass covering, as the cart was passing over Bushy Heath, about three miles from Watford. The driver used every possible means to secure the animal. He was knocked down, and bruised in several parts of his body in so shocking a manner, as to be now confined to a bed at Watford in consequence. The deer resembles an ass about the head; the body about a yard long; the legs about three feet six inches long; a very small tail; the upper jaw is longer than the under; and it makes a noise much like a cow.

The disease called the glanders, has been very destructive for some time past, among the horses belonging to the corps of Commissaries at Ringmer. Scarcely a day passes without one being led to slaughter. This disease, we have heard professional gentlemen say, is generated and disseminated in a great measure, among army horses, from so many of those valuable animals being kept together, breathing the same contaminated air in a crowded stable. If this be the fact, and we think it very probable, we have no doubt but the present wise administration will soon have the grievance remedied; as it would be much easier, on the score of expence only, to build a well ventilated separate stable, for every two or three horses, than to be perpetually called upon to supply the deficiency thus frequently occasioned by so fatal a contagion,

On Saturday the 11th instant, were committed to Hereford house of correction, as rogues and vagabonds, John Price and Edw. Probert, two poachers, belonging to a gang who have infested the neighbourhood of Leominster for some years past, being found about two o'clock in the morning of the preceding Wednesday, in Croft Park, belonging to Somerset Davies, Esq. and having at that time with them two dogs, one gate net, and sixteen purse nets, and killed and destroyed two hares; they had also with them large sticks or bludgeons, with which they violently assaulted, and beat Mr. Davies's game-keeper and his assistants, who secured them after a very violent contest. Thomas Price, one of the gang, who is now in custody, had his ear nearly severed from his head in the struggle, and was otherwise so much bruised before he would surrender, that he was unable to attend before the magistrates, with his two associates, to be examined.

An accident of a very melancholy nature happened lately at Killorgilm, in the county of Kerry.—A mad dog ran into the house of a farmer in that neighbourhood, and bit his wife, four children, the servant maid, and afterwards twenty cows on the farm. The apprehension and horro rof this unfortunate family can be better conceived than expressed.

A hare was shot a few days ago by Mr. Parkinson, of Garstang.—On opening the animal, three young ones were found alive; they were put under the nurture of a cat, that had just been deprived of her kittens, and are at the present time in a fair way of being brought up to maturity

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE CHAIN AND COLLAR.

MR. EDITOR,

Presuming the following lines might not be thought undeserving a place in that miscellany, which may be justly said, in the words of Otway, to be "a friend to dogs;" I have ventured to offer them for that purpose.

A WEALTHY farmer, I aver,
But say not where to find him,
Was guarded by a faithful cur,
Who often jogg'd behind him.

No fox prowl'd near the feather'd brood,
No thief assail'd the door;
Such foes ne'er on the farm intrude,
Though bribeless Tray was poor.

But who can trace the ways of man,
Or who presume his sense to guide;
Or say why Tray's disgrace began,
For want of that which nature had denied?

Dear Phillis only hears the storm,
While on the hearth-rug stretch'd at ease,
And gifted with a winning form,
Can range the pantry if she please.

The farmer speaks, the servant flies,
And fav'rite Phil caresses;
"Let her regale on remnant pies,
And Marg'ry, comb her silken tresses."

Neglected Tray would fain have said,
In very piteous, plaintive moan,
"Dear master, when I ask for bread,
Why at thy servant hurl a stone?"

It chanc'd, a neighb'ring gipsey horde,
As bold invaders long traduc'd;
Whose feats the farmers all deplor'd,
And mourn'd, in vain their pillag'd roost,

To share this farmer's hoarded pence,
E'en over Alpine mounds they vaulted,
They leap'd the hedge and scal'd the fence,
But at the brook they halted.

The mastiff flies where danger's found,
The stranger's menace Tray defies;
And hark! the neighb'ring hills resound,
While fear pervades the farmer's eyes.

Alas! what ills the great dismay!
The great, not always grateful;
Who risks his life for those to day,
To-morrow may be hateful.

"I fear," says he, "my gather'd store,
My full-ear'd sheaves, may feed the fire;
But hark! my dog defends the shore,
And see, the vagrant foe retire!"

The faithful beast with ardour burns,
His wounds are but his glory;
With joy and clamour he returns;
But mark the sequel of the story.

"That ill-bred cur, for noise renown'd,
Affrights alike my friend or foe;
His filthy form that trails the ground,
Shall not on me its gambols show.

"To keep that dog within the yard,
And aid the scheme I have in view,
A saving plan, as times are hard,
His one-day's fare must now serve two.

"So Marg'ry, as the team you follow,
To-morrow, when the town you gain,
Bring Phillis down a silver collar,
And buy old Tray an iron chain."

Oct. 9, 1806. *John Morris Flindall.*

SCOTS POETRY IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY.

WITH hunts-up with hunts-up,
It is now perfect day;
Jesus our king is gone a hunting,
Who likes to speed, they may.

Ane cursed fox, lay hid in rocks,
This long and many a day,
Devouring sheep while he might sleep,
None might him shape away.

It did him good to lap the blood
Of young and tender lambs;
None could him miss, for all was his,
The young ones with their dams.

The hunter is Christ that hunts in haste,
The hounds are Peter and Paul;
The pope is the fox, Rome is the rocks,
That rubs us on the gall.

That cruel beast, he never ceas'd,
By his usurped power,
Under dispense, to get our pence,
Our souls for to devour.

Who could devise such merchandise,
As he had there to sell,
Unless it were proud Lucifer,
The great master of hell.

He had to sell, the tantonic bell,
And pardons therein was;
Remission of sins in old sheep-skins,
Our souls to bring from grace.

With bulls of lead, white wax and red,
And other whiles with green;
Clos'd in a box—this us'd the fox,
Such paultry ne'er was seen.

EPITAPH ON ROBIN.

Late Huntsman to the Leicester Hunt.

IF field diversions, reader, thou dost prize,
Revere this sod where honest Robin lies;
Oft with the cry of hounds and cheerful horn,
The lark preventing, he has hail'd the morn.
His eye, sagacious, was the first to find,
When loud tan-ta-ra swell'd the list'ning wind;
Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor gate of fearful height,
Could Robin's dauntless spirit e'er affright.
In private life an active part he play'd,
By cheerful manners giving virtue aid.
Whoe'er thou art, on such a life reflect;
Go hence—and imitate—and gain respect.

ADDRESS TO THE SPORTSMAN.

HARK away hunter! the morn is arisen,
Fair lie the fields and the forests to view:
Safely the fox we have barr'd from his prison,
Rise from your bed, and with ardour pursue.

In vain let the cold and the comfortless morning,
Loudly give notice to keep within door;
Lavish of health, in contempt of the warning,
Call for your horse, though the tempest may roar.

Hardily brave it, all danger despising,
Great is the soul which no peril can fear;
And the merry-ton'd horn, and the sun when uprising,
The cold and the comfortless morning will cheer.

Yet hear me, gay hunter! if ever reflection
Should steal through your heart when the day is o'erpast,
Ah! then let the force of one moral conviction,
Remind you each morning may rise as your last.

And when your prey, near exhausted, is flying,
Remember—your breath is as fleeting as his;
And while on the ground he lies throbbing and dying,
Ask—When comes the moment that brings me to this.

October 2. J. J. B.

THE BOASTING MULE.

A FABLE.

AN upstart mule, high bred and vain,
For brutes are just like mortal men,
To other beasts was bragging,
That "how his father was a horse,
And always first upon the course,
Nor ever did come lag in.

"He ne'er was us'd to drop behind;
Whene'er he ran 'twas like the wind;
For speed, he ne'er did lack it:
I've seen him start against the field,
When e'en Eclipse was forc'd to yield,
As well as Whistle-Jacket.

"And though I say it, who should not,
I differ from him not a jot,
Except in size and main."
But turning round—he saw an ass,
Which accidentally did pass,
And knew his son again.

This made his muleship drop his ears,
To hear the neighbours' flaunting jeers,
About his noble birth;
And glad he was to quit the place,
Asham'd to own his low-bred race,
And leave them to their mirth.

Oct. 3. J. J. B.

THE SCHOOL BOY.

A Parody on Mr. Pope's Ode to Solitude.

HAPPY the boy whose wish and cheer
A little bread and butter serves,
Content at meals to drink small beer,
And eat preserves.

Whose top and marbles give him pleasure;
Who's happy with his paper kite;
Whose pennies shine a mighty treasure,
To charm his sight!

Blest, who can every morning find
Some idle lads with him to play;
When in the fields he hath a mind
From school to stay.

Nor ferule fears, nor birch more dire,
But plays all day and sleeps all night;
Some other boys his cash will hire,
His task to write.

Thus let me live, thus life enjoy,
Until to manhood I attain;
Thus like me almost every boy,
Will do again.

LAPLAND SONG.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

LET Nepat listen to the praises of her lovers;
But let Nepat listen with caution.
One praises you because you fly in your sledge like
A new-born sun beam on the wings of the morning!
Another, because you scarce leave the print of your feet
On the virgin snow:
A third, because your hair flows in the air, like the shadow
Of a waving tree on the Lake of Terna:
A fourth, because your lips are like the flowery banks of
A slender stream:
A fifth, because your nails are polished as pebbles:
A sixth, because your voice is sweet as the voice of
A dying gale in the vallies.
But the sledge will cease to fly;
The snow will melt;
The waving tree will sink into the lake;
The flowery banks will fade;
The pebbles will glide away in the torrent;
And your voice will lose its charms.
Who will praise you then?
Yes, I will praise you, if you smile on me:
I will treasure up those smiles;
They will cheer the long night of winter:
You will always be beautiful in my eyes,
Even though another Nepat should arise:
But that can never be;
For Nature has exhausted all her charms on you.

THE

THE LEVERET.

.... Oh! had I come one moment sooner!
It bleeds to death!—his gentle heart bleeds with it.
STERNE.

THE lark had hail'd the morning dawn,
While o'er the dew-bespangled lawn
The cautious hare had mark'd the round
Would baffle the quick-scented hound:
The timid young remain'd behind,
In sleeping innocence confin'd.
The whistling ploughman nearer drew,
As Sol's meridian splendour grew;
And turning round his steady pair,
O'erturn'd the ambush of the hare.
Affrighted terror seiz'd the young,
With scamp'ring bound away they sprung:
But nought in speed or cunning sly
Could well escape the hedger's eye:
The first he seiz'd—and quick as air,
The present to the sisters bear.
The charming girls now view the prize,
With all affection in their eyes;
And long to prove their tender care,
And rear to strength this little hare.
Affection on affection grew,
Sweet innocence had charms anew!
But care and freedom jealous now,
Brought on disease—I can't tell how:
It pines—grows faint—with languid eyes,
Convuls'd with pain, poor Lev'ret dies.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this cistus, frail and gay,
Lies promis'd hope—the child of day;
Escap'd from being, and its cares,
The troubles of still riper years!—
The hound, the huntsman, and the snare,
Will ne'er disturb your ashes there.
Impart thy virtues to that tree,
Its annual charms shall fade for thee.
Woodham Walter. SORORES.

EPIGRAM.

MADAM Crab, like an alderman's lady grown fine,
Thus address'd her fat daughter—" To-day with us dine
Cousin Lobster, who mourns for the loss of his mother,
And Cray-fish, in black too, his little half-brother;
I expect Perriwinkle, and Cockle, and Muscle,
And Oyster, who wags not, though all 's in a bustle:
Then hold up your head, child, and turn out your toes,
And don't waddle sideways before such smart beaux."
The pert saucy daughter this answer return'd—
" By example much more than by precept is learn'd:
So if you would have me the graces display,
In walking and dancing, first shew me the way;
For, believe me, I'm not quite so silly an elf,
As to mind what you say, while you waddle yourself!"

SONG.

WHEN the morning peeps forth, and the zephyr's cool gale
Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale,
Up, ye nymphs and ye swains, and together we'll rove,
Up hill and down valley, by thicket and grove;
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horn and the cry of the hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth,
All the blessings I ask is the blessing of health;
So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys,
No envy disturbs, no dependance destroys.
Then follow, &c.

O'er hill, dale, and woodlands, with raptures we roam,
Yet returning still find the dear pleasures at home;
Where the cheerful good humour gives honesty grace,
And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the face.
Then follow, &c.